

TRUTH IN TRAVEL

CONDÉ NAST

APRIL 2015

Traveler



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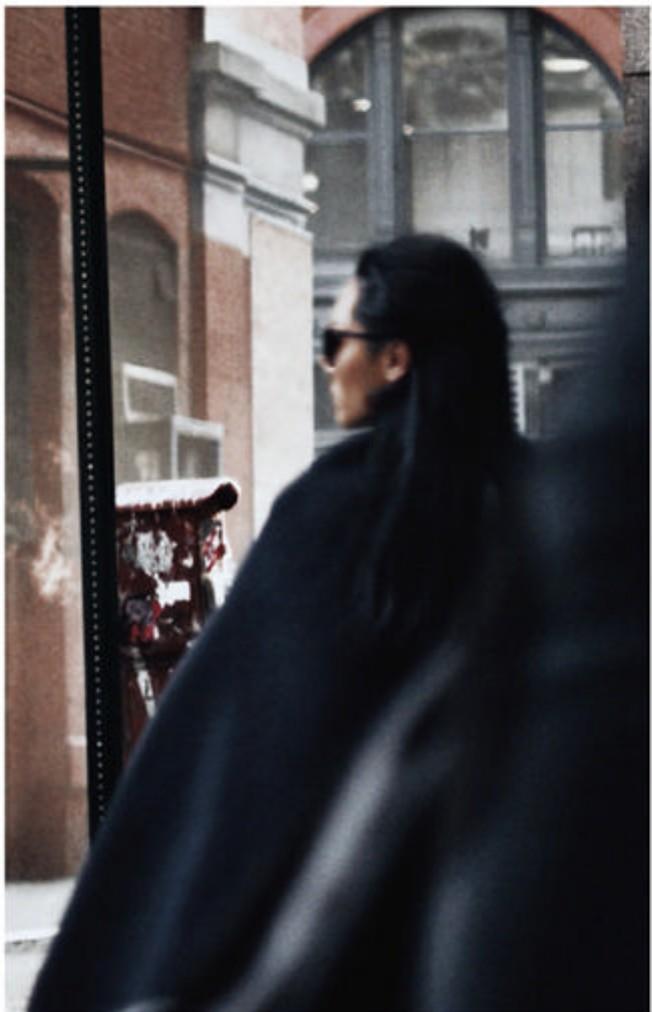
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CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROB HOWARD; BILL PHELPS, GABRIELA HERMAN; MATT HRANEK

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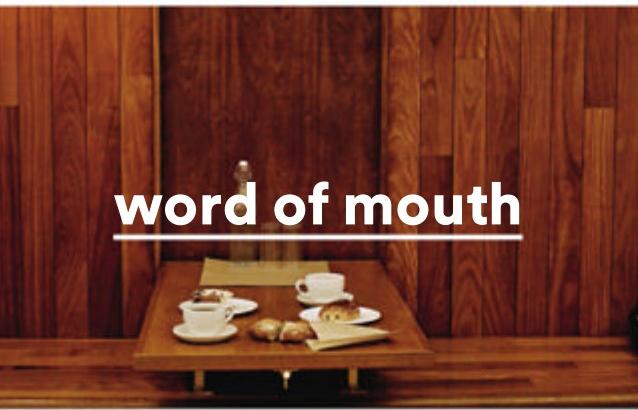
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TALK TO US

Where are you going this year? Send your photos and tips to letters@condenasttraveler.com.



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we want to see what you picked up on a recent trip.

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Made in Italy

Watch a behind-the-scenes video from our Calabria shoot at youtube.com/condenasttraveler.



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Check out the rest of our April inspiration board and get a behind-the-scenes look at our Europe Issue on pinterest.com/cntraveler.

Short and Sweet

IT SEEMS that any time my sister and I try to plan a trip together too far in advance, one of us always ends up having to cancel. Which is why, when a work trip to India that had been rescheduled a half dozen times was finally locked in just three weeks prior to departure, I asked her to join me. I wagered that by short-circuiting the anticipatory anxiety that surrounds travel, we would have fewer obstacles three weeks out than with three months or a year of plotting. And I was right. My sister, a Los Angeles-based psychotherapist, was able to give her patients just enough (but not too much) warning. On my end, once meetings in Mumbai and Delhi were set, the rest of my schedule leading up to the trip was compressed accordingly. As with most commitments in life, those to non-refundable airline tickets will, ironically, set you free—free from the indecision that often leads to travel inertia. Meetings get more efficient pre-departure, loose ends get tied up without fuss, incorrigible physical and electronic inboxes are tamed with uncharacteristic yet thrilling ruthlessness. I, at least, am never more decisive or organized than in the days leading up to a long trip.

While my sister and I had been talking about traveling through Rajasthan

together for years, there never seemed to be enough time. Somehow, if you are lucky enough to travel extensively in your younger years, entitlement to three weeks of travel a year becomes your baseline forever after—an elusive luxury seemingly never to be recovered until retirement. Add to that the fact that we live on opposite coasts and the fallacy that you need a minimum of three weeks to “do India right” and it’s a miracle we pulled the trigger at all.

And yet we did. Despite the not-enough-time warnings, we nevertheless piggybacked onto the trip a long weekend in northern India, covering three additional cities and more than 500 miles in a four-day period. We even added a detour that required an unplanned six-hour drive and the last-minute booking of an internal flight back to Delhi in time for our return flights home. It was a plan we hatched at 4:45 one morning as we both lay awake in the dark, and put into place by 7 A.M. with a few calls. It was also, needless to say, the highlight of our trip—not least because of its spontaneity. You forget that a six-hour car ride, where you get to passively absorb a region’s numerous micro-cultures and climates while talking to your sibling at

a teen’s languorous pace, is perhaps the greatest luxury of all.

And while India is in fact a place that always leaves you wanting to see more, you never really regret what you *didn’t* see of any given place—only that you didn’t make the trip sooner. As sisters who grew up flying long distances as unaccompanied minors to join our parents on work trips around the world, we quickly fell into our habitual solidarity, an easy rhythm of shared toiletries and shoes and tacit compensation for each other’s organizational lacunae.

In the end, I can’t decide what I enjoyed more: hashing out a final accounting of certain fuzzy chapters in our family history through our mutually distorted lens; or the privilege of proximity and silence, an adult’s version of parallel child’s play. It seems that it is only through travel’s time warp that we get to tap into earlier versions of ourselves—this time with the wisdom of our collective years logged.



Pilar Guzmán, Editor in Chief

 @pilar_guzman



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The Help Desk

Consider this your personal travel hotline. We tackle your vacation dreams and conundrums, enlisting the expertise of our editors and travel experts. Give us a shout with your travel questions anytime on Twitter (@cntraveler) or on Facebook (#travelerhelpdesk).

MILAN

► “I want to go to the World Expo in May,” says Jessica van Dop of Washington, D.C.



The international event, focusing on innovations in food, nutrition, and sustainability, is expected to draw more than 20 million visitors between May and October. Buy your ticket in advance (expo2015.org).

► “Besides the expo, what else is new?”



The contemporary art institute Fondazione Prada opens its Rem Koolhaas-designed campus just south of the city center that month (with a bar designed by filmmaker Wes Anderson).

► “Where should I stay?”



The Mandarin Oriental Milan opens in May on the historic Via Monte di Pietà, but the Park Hyatt’s location—steps from the Duomo and the Galleria—can’t be beat.



► This year Milan is attracting the kind of attention usually reserved for Florence, Rome, and Venice—and more crowds than ever, which means packed museums, hotels, and restaurants. Here’s where a pro can help: Andrea Grisdale of IC Bellagio (icbellagio.com) can arrange guided tours (skip those queues!) and score a corner table at Armani/Ristorante, the local power-broker hangout.

The travel specialists mentioned above have customized itineraries to Milan and Spain. The first ten readers to book each trip will receive a ten percent discount. For more on these trips, visit editorsitinerary.cntraveler.com.

PARIS

► “I’m thinking a girls’ trip,” says Maya Burrell Marrero of Ladera Ranch, California. “Should we stay on the Right or Left Bank?”

The Right—specifically the tenth arrondissement, especially if you’re into food. New restaurants such as the elegant Porte 12 and Holybelly, a buzzy-yet-cozy café, top our must list.

► “How should we arrange an apartment stay?”



Online booking sites like Airbnb and HomeAway have thousands of options and can be daunting. Gail Boisclair of Perfectly Paris and Erica Berman of Haven in Paris offer a more curated selection.

► “What are the must-sees in the city right now?”



Without question, the new Fondation Louis Vuitton, a Frank Gehry-designed contemporary art space, and the recently reopened Musée Picasso Paris.



► Besides new cultural institutions, there’s a new wave of luxury hotels: the decadent Peninsula Paris, the just-renovated Plaza Athénée, and the boutique 40-room La Réserve. There’s even another way to get there: the all-business-class airline La Compagnie, with 74 almost-lie-flat seats—and fares that rival most coach-cabin prices (lacompanie.com).

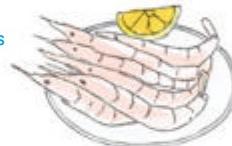
SPAIN

► “We’ve got a week. Where should we go?” asks Aparna Krishnamoorthy of Washington, D.C.



Barcelona and Madrid: A fast train—less than three hours—connects the two (raileurope.com). In Madrid, we like the Hotel Orfila, just a quick walk from the Museo Nacional del Prado; in Barcelona, the Majestic Hotel & Spa.

► “Got any recommendations for great tapas bars in Madrid?”



The tapas at Mercado de San Miguel, near the Plaza Mayor, are among the city’s most famous. Start there, but venture off the tourist path to spots favored by locals (see page 58).

► “We’d like to go in the spring. Too soon for beach weather in Barcelona?”



Probably—but there’s plenty to do beyond the waterfront, including a modernist architecture walking tour. See the intricacies of Gaudí’s and Domènech i Montaner’s masterpieces firsthand.



► Start in Madrid and make your way through its excellent museums and fantastic restaurants, then explore Barcelona for a hit of architecture along the Passeig de Gràcia. If you’d prefer private guides or hosted tapas crawls, Spain specialist Virginia Irurita (madeforspain.com) can help; she can also plan side trips to smaller towns like Figueres, the birthplace of Salvador Dalí.

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Budapest, 2008

What may at first seem like an Impressionist painting is actually a composite of about 100 digital photos of Buda Castle, shot from almost identical vantage points across the Danube. "When we visit a famous site, we already have an idea of what we will see," says Swiss artist Corinne Vionnet, whose work is part of an ongoing series, "Photo Opportunities," in which she mines the Internet for travelers' snapshots of popular landmarks and then layers them in Photoshop. Vionnet began the project in 2005 with the Leaning Tower of Pisa, followed by more than 40 similarly iconic sites, including the Golden Gate Bridge, the Tower of London, and the Taj Mahal. In these appropriations, Vionnet reflects our shared experiences as travelers and, like the Impressionists before her, interprets familiar subjects in a completely new way. Through the shift of light and time, she elevates our ubiquitous snapshots to the status of art. —Kate Cunningham

Corinne Vionnet's work will be exhibited by Danziger Gallery at the AIPAD Photography Show in New York, April 16–19.

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The Island of Maui

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Maui is the ideal escape for travelers seeking leisurely adventures and captivating experiences. The second largest of the Hawaiian Islands, it's home to more than 30 miles of pristine beaches, most of them perfect for swimming and paddleboarding. You can also slip into sandals and peruse the resorts that line Wailea Beach for delectable restaurants and stylish boutiques. Sophisticated casual defines the Maui lifestyle, and an effortless silk caftan or kimono-style tunic from Maggie Coulombe's signature collection unites both comfort and grace. The celebrity designer left the mainland's red carpet for Maui's white sands 20 years ago, and she couldn't be more grateful for it.

"Maui has inspired world-renowned chefs and artists in every medium," says the Toronto-raised Coulombe. "There's something organic about the colors, the textures, and the culture that feels so vibrant and alive. There's never a dull moment."

Coulombe has made a name for herself in the fashion world by creating luxurious pieces that wear as beautifully on the beach as they do at dinner. "The island's laid-back yet elevated lifestyle has really helped simplify my line," she says. "I'll go from Haleakalā to a hidden Hāna waterfall and then over to Morimoto for an exquisite meal, all wearing the same dress. It's so Maui!"

When Coulombe isn't designing in her Lāhainā studio or at her boutique in Whalers Village, she's soaking up the lush bounty Hawai'i has to offer. "The raw, natural landscape of the island gives me inspiration every day—but my favorite place is Olowalu. There's one spot where the ocean and mountains actually glow with warmth at sunset."

While Coulombe's work demands jet-setter status, she has no reservations when it's time to leave the concrete and skyscrapers behind. "I've been to resorts all over the globe and coming back to Maui is always special. We have the most beautiful beaches, mountains, and all the luxuries you could ever desire," she says. "I never thought I would live in Hawai'i. I came on vacation and never went back. Now, I feel at home."

#LetHawaiiHappen

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Maggie Coulombe

Photo by Tony Novak-Clifford



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A woman with long dark hair, smiling, is seated in the driver's seat of a Lincoln MKZ. She is wearing a light-colored, ribbed sweater. Her right hand rests on the steering wheel, which features the Lincoln logo. Her left hand rests on the center console. The interior of the car is visible, including the dashboard with a digital display showing "BLACK LABEL", the infotainment screen, and the center console with climate control buttons.

INTRODUCING

Lincoln Black Label Living

EXPRESSIONS OF A
NEW KIND OF LUXURY

With a mantra of "progress, not perfection," healthy-living guru Kimberly Snyder can create her own calming oasis just about anywhere. As a bestselling author and go-to nutritionist, she teaches others about achieving overall balance and beauty holistically by reducing chaos. A similar intent is seen in Lincoln Black Label, whose engineers and designers set out to create a vehicle that was both balanced and beautiful. Here, Snyder relaxes in an Oasis themed MKZ – outside of the Hollywood Hills property hOme studios helped bring to life for Lincoln Black Label.

To celebrate the launch of Lincoln Black Label, we asked Snyder for her take on our Oasis vehicle theme.

Pictured here: The Oasis Lincoln Black Label MKZ Hybrid



BLACK LABEL

"I can find my Zen anywhere," according to Snyder.
"A personal **OASIS** for me is carving out space for relaxation,
and controlling whatever environment you're in."



Peace Maker

This results-oriented nutritionist and author (her third book, *The Beauty Detox Power* was just published) didn't choose an ordinary path to nutritional fame. Instead, Snyder embarked on a peaceful, three-year solo journey spanning over 50 countries and six continents, exposing her to a wide range of health and beauty philosophies. Lincoln Black Label designers took a similar approach as they created the Oasis theme—which takes its cues from Eastern influences and features a subtle two-toned interior filled with Venetian leather.



MODERN HERITAGE

A designer's dream, this high-contrast black-and-white interior is highlighted by Crimson stitching and Argento® wood trim.

OASIS

Specialty Venetian leather, premium Alcantara® and rich wood would look great in any home—and any luxury vehicle.

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*The new and the cool: The restaurants, hotels,
and things we can't stop talking about.*

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word of mouth

Ham and cheese on a crusty baguette at
Lower Manhattan's Arcade Bakery.



GETTING IT RIGHT

Arcade Bakery

A 20-seat retail bakery hidden in the lobby of a historic TriBeCa office building, Arcade Bakery is exactly the kind of gem you'll want to add to your New York City shortlist—not only for its location and delicious baked goods but for its backstory. Owner-baker Roger Gural, whose family manages the building and who, years ago, lived in a small apartment annex on the roof (he kept his sourdough starter in the boiler room), knows every last inch of the building, and it shows. Gural, partnering with the design group Workstead, pulled off one of the smarter work-arounds we've seen in a city known for

its creative use of space. The long, narrow foyer was ingeniously inset with alcoves outfitted with fold-down, gorgeously turned mahogany tables. The space—which had been more suited to an ATM or small newsstand—has become a destination where you'll find Gural behind the counter serving pastries and loaves of crusty bread.

Arcade's elegance and efficiency call to mind old-world train stations, and, in the mornings, it feels like a stand-up coffee counter in Rome: People may be in a hurry, but they're taking a moment for a pastry and a coffee from a real cup rather than a paper one. The flaky croissants attest to Gural's classical French training—he spent time at Bouley Bakery and Bouchon Bakery—but the slices of simple New York-style pizza are an ode to his hometown (220 Church St.).

REDUX

Artists in Residence

If you've ever wondered what would happen if you let two wildly, willfully talented abstract artists with a penchant for color and an eclectic design sense loose on a 100-year-old building, then you need only check into their hotel in the sleepy village of Tivoli in the Hudson River Valley. Just prepare to be shocked, awed, amazed—and, finally, totally seduced.

Painters and art world royalty Brice and Helen Marden have lived in Tivoli (about two hours north of New York City) for 12 years, and when their local hangout—a restaurant in the Madalin Hotel—was shuttered a couple of years ago, Brice says he was “so depressed at driving by this empty, dead building” that they bought it. And so the transformation of the ten-room Hotel Tivoli began, under the watchful eye of both the Mardens and Laura Flam of the New York City–based Reunion Goods & Services design company. (This is the Mardens’ second hotel venture; they also own the Golden Rock Inn, on Nevis.) Out went all the dark Victorian furniture; in came lipstick-red chairs, vintage Murano glass chandeliers, bold carpets, plush pink sofas, an elegant bar, and of course art by the owners and their friends, including Robert Rauschenberg and Francesco Clemente.

Happily, the inn is as inviting as it is visually stunning: The beds are sublimely comfortable, the staff are cheerful, and the rustic food is made by Devon Gilroy, formerly of Manhattan favorites Chanterelle and A Voce. Who needs the city when you have all this? (53 Broadway; from \$210). —Gully Wells



EAT HERE NOW

Mayfair

Anyone looking for an innovative restaurant has always known better than to head to London's Mayfair, a neighborhood distinguished more by its sense of tradition—opulent hotels, posh boutiques, social clubs—than its flair for experimentation. These days, however, two restaurants are giving the area a new culinary zing. Just a short walk from Claridge's, Le Chabanais, a 90-seat brasserie helmed by Inaki Aizpitarte, owner of the revered Paris neo-bistro Le Chateaubriand, opens this spring. The Basque chef (pictured below) is known as much for creating an aggressively unpretentious environment—like the unadorned tables and unscripted servers—as he is for his spectacular but simple food. “People



would expect us to do something in East London,” Aizpitarte says. “It feels good to do the unexpected.” The menu will be à la carte (a major departure from Le Chateaubriand’s famously set menu) and heavy on English produce, fish, and game.

Nearby, in Mayfair’s historic Shepherd Market, two young chefs—Tomos Parry and Chris Leach—are working magic with flames and smoldering charcoal at the newly opened **Kitty Fisher’s Wood Grill**. The 40-seat space is classic Mayfair—velvet banquets, gilt-framed art, sconces—but the menu is anything but: Order the Cornish crab with grilled cucumber, charred Galician beef, and, best of all, burnt onion butter. Slathered on grilled bread and deliciously smoky, it’s already a legend—the latest in a neighborhood full of them. —Katherine Whealock

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Lufthansa



Amanda Brooks

The style writer shares her travel wisdom, packing strategies, and no-fail formula for putting together the perfect plane outfit.



The look: I like to look put together, but I only travel in clothes I'm truly comfortable in. The most important thing is a loose trouser (I don't understand how people travel in jeans; I find them too constricting). I like to be layered—I love men's button-downs because they're oversized but tailored, and this dickey sweater is cozy and warm, but you can still fit a blazer or jacket over it. And sneakers are easy to slip on and off.

The luggage: I have a red canvas T. Anthony set. My mother gave me my first piece when I was 13; I like the idea of collectible luggage. My carry-on has to fit a laptop, so I take along Céline's Edge bag.

The packing philosophy: Always match the handbags with the shoes—I'm very careful about making sure that the accessories I bring go with every outfit. I pack in a color scheme and lay everything out on the bed so it's all coordinated.

Recently logged trips: Harbour Island, Japan, London, New York, and Floyd, Virginia.

Favorite hotels: Traserra in Spain, the Park Hyatt Tokyo, and the Hotel Lungarno in Florence.

Next up: I've always wanted to visit Hacienda de San Antonio, near Colima, and gallop on a horse through the Mexican landscape. I'd also like to take my family to a dude ranch in Wyoming. ♦



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NEXT UP

Arnavutköy

Other grand old European cities may be stuck in the doldrums, but in Istanbul—one of the world's fastest-growing, most dynamic cities—there's no sign of financial distress: Indeed, it seems like every month brings a freshly invigorated neighborhood with inventive restaurants, cafés, and boutiques. The latest to get a makeover is the seaside district of Arnavutköy, on the European side of the Bosphorus. This former Albanian enclave—known

locally for its simple seafood restaurants and intricately trimmed, pastel-hued wooden mansions that wouldn't look out of place in San Francisco—hasn't exactly been a hot destination, but that's starting to change. Among the newly opened gathering spots that are attracting locals and tourists and bringing a bit more bustle to the sleepy harbor streets: **Any**, a bistro housed in a two-story, Ottoman-era wooden home that morphs into a nightclub where Istanbulis sip Kivrak, a delicious—and strong—cocktail of gin, rum, muddled fruit, and tonic (Bebek Caddesi 71A); and the cozy **Vacilando**, a tiny upholstery shop turned café where you're likely to see owner Özge Kırış baking fresh fruit tarts and spinach quiches in the open kitchen while you sip a Turkish coffee (Beyazgül Caddesi 30A). —**Chaney Kwak**



ASK A LOCAL

Ghent

Marie Lemaître, publicist and native Ghentian, tells us her favorite spots in this Belgian city.

The perfect afternoon? “Don’t miss the **Graslei**, a street of beautiful medieval houses on the harbor. From there, walk to **Koperhuis**, a wonderful boutique selling things like printed silk scarves and marble candleholders. End up at **Jigger’s**, a nearby speakeasy, for a gin fizz.”

Where to go for dinner? “**Het Gouden Hoofd**—I always bring visitors here for its straightforward but delicious food and cozy atmosphere. It feels like an intimate dinner at a friend’s house.”

Only in Ghent? “The **Oude Beestenmarkt** (literally “Old Animal Market”) hosts a popular pet market on Sunday. The area fills with families browsing for rabbits and parakeets. At night, two buzzy clubs open, transforming the square.”

MUST READ

A Little Life

It's a precarious position to be in, agreeing to read a colleague's novel. What if it's terrible? But what if it's brilliant—so captivating that you forget to get off the subway at your stop, repeatedly? While devouring our editor at large Hanya Yanagihara's ***A Little Life***, I figured out what to do: You bug your colleague about the plot and ask how four very different people who met in college and then moved to New York City remained friends for decades; you marvel at her prose

and her insight into the protagonist, who had a horrifically abusive childhood, and his complex struggle to cope: “In his every day stands a tree, black and dying, with a single branch . . . and it is from this branch that he hangs. Above him a rain is always misting, which makes the branch slippery. But he clings to it, as tired as he is, because beneath him is a hole bored into the earth so deep that he cannot see where it ends.” And, most of all, you tell everyone you know that they absolutely must read this heartbreakingly beautiful novel about friendship, love, and loss (Doubleday). —**Rebecca Misner**

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HIGH IMPACT

Clockwise from left:
Proenza Schouler
Easy Elliot Tote
(Proenza Schouler,
N.Y.C.; \$1,175); **Sophie**

Hulme mini tote
(net-a-porter.com;
\$1,080); **CH Carolina**
Herrera Leather
Editor Tote (available

at CH Carolina
Herrera, Beverly Hills;
\$780) and **Bottega**
Veneta BV 287/F/S
sunglasses (available

at Bottega Veneta
stores worldwide;
\$545); **Coach** Cashin
Carryall 28 Tote
(coach.com; \$450).



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PORSCHE

Gentlemen, Start Your Engines

These chronograph watches (long beloved by race car drivers for their stopwatch capabilities) may just inspire you to enter one of Europe's historic rally races—like the Mille Miglia, where you'll speed through the countryside between Brescia and Rome, and where true victory is marked not by bringing home the checkered flag but by arriving in the next town in time for cocktail hour.



FOR THE DRIVER

Clockwise from top: Longines Heritage 1973 watch (shop.us.longines.com; \$3,275); Glashütte Original Seventies Chronograph Panorama Date with alligator strap (tourbillon.com; \$14,900); Patek Philippe Annual Calendar Chronograph in stainless steel (212-218-1240; \$54,800); Chopard Mille Miglia in 18-karat rose gold with rubber tire tread strap (us.chopard.com; \$19,060); Tag Heuer Carrera Calibre 17 Automatic Chronograph (shop-us.tagheuer.com; \$5,700); Ghurka The Timekeeper No. 213 watch box in chestnut leather (ghurka.com; \$2,850).



FOR THE NAVIGATOR

Counterclockwise from center: Cartier Juste un Clou bracelet in 18-karat yellow gold and diamonds (cartier.us; \$12,500); Dior Fine Jewelry "My Dior" cuff in yellow gold

and diamonds (800-929-3467; price upon request); David Yurman Albion Pendant necklace with morganite and diamonds in 18-karat yellow gold (davidyurman.com; \$5,900);

Rolex Oyster Perpetual Cosmograph Daytona in 18-karat gold (rolex.com; \$16,900); Hublot Classic Fusion Chronograph King Gold Bracelet (Hublot, N.Y.C.; \$45,900); Louis

Vuitton passport cover in Mon Damier Graphite (louisvuitton.com; \$480); Prada Swarovski earrings (prada.com; \$540); Mulberry Leaf Jacquard scarf

(mulberry.com; \$240); Gucci Horsebit bracelet with enamel and Swarovski crystals (gucci.com; \$2,200); Dolce & Gabbana DG 6089 sunglasses (sunglasshut.com; \$265).

While any purchase made on vacation might call up the scent of citrus or the fuchsia stain of bougainvillea, it is the twin powers of the found-only-here and the made-just-for-you item which remind you that you were there. But of course not every custom shirt maker, cobbler, or tailor is worth the wait. To that end, Nicole Berrie mines the black books of some of the most discerning global shoppers, collectors, and travelers we know to come up with the ultimate bespoke hit list.

Made (Just for You) in Europe

HOME DECOR

J. & L. Lobmeyr / VIENNA



"While living in Vienna, I discovered J. & L. Lobmeyr's beautiful glassware," says lifestyle brand founder Aerin Lauder Zinterhofer. "Each piece can be personally engraved. I received a set of

two short glasses with a beautifully etched Z for my wedding and always have them displayed."

Make it yours: Choose from a myriad of designs from the company's

monogram book; allow about one hour of engraving per letter, and two to three days for a monogram engraving. Glass series can take several months (Kärntnerstrasse 26, Vienna; from \$100).

Linley / LONDON



Furniture retailer Linley can create anything from scratch—from desks with a built-in humidor to handcrafted game tables to entire kitchens. "They make the most beautiful bespoke collectibles in London," says designer Misha Nonoo. "I had a custom backgammon set commissioned when I got married, and it's become one of my favorite pieces."

Make it yours: Bespoke games are handcrafted with customizable features—from baize playing surfaces to exotic skin or leather trims in a variety of colors. It'll take at least eight weeks to design and create, and the final product is shipped via courier. Furniture takes a bit longer: two to three months (60 Pimlico Rd., London; price upon request).

ACCESSORIES

Masel / MILAN

"Great menswear is all about nuance and detail," says Sabine Heller, CEO of online travel and life-style community A Small World. "Masel's ties are exquisitely handcrafted in Como, Italy. The fabric choices (virgin silk, Mongolian cashmere, for example) are sumptuous." Each tie is entirely customizable, from length and stitch to the interior lining, and quotes or dedications may be hand-sewn

on the tipping. "I made a tie for screenwriter Hud Morgan and had an inside joke sewn on it," she says.

Make it yours: Private consultations can be scheduled with founder Luca Maselli at his Milan showroom. Allow two weeks for delivery (Via Broletto 37, Milan; 39-392-130-43-97; admin@masel.me; from \$164 to \$277).

HATS

Piers Atkinson / LONDON



"Although London-based milliner Piers Atkinson's hats are now stocked at many of the world's leading boutiques, he's best put to use on custom projects where he can really manifest his talent," says Dana Alikhani, co-founder of online retailer Muzungu Sisters. "He re-created the most ornate bejeweled and feathered skullcap hat

for my wedding using a miniature Persian Qajar painting for reference."

Make it yours: Custom hats take up to three weeks and include fitting and choice of brim size and trim. If you can't make it to London, Atkinson will take meetings via e-mail, phone, or Skype (info@piersatkinson.com; from \$757).

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SHOES

Stefano Bemer / FLORENCE



"Anything and everything is possible, like alligator loafers and ostrich monk straps," says accessories designer Rafé Totengco of the Florence-based Stefano Bemer. "And each pair is delivered with a sixpence coin for good

luck. They'll keep a wooden mold of your feet for future bespoke pairs, which can be ordered via e-mail."

Make it yours: Bemer's team of artisans handcraft each pair on-site

and will travel internationally, from New York to Seoul, for refitting sessions. Typical turnaround time is six to eight months, with 72 hours for delivery (Via San Niccolò 2, Florence; from \$2,200).

La Manual Alpargatera / BARCELONA

"It's where you go for espadrilles in every size, style, and color under the sun," says fashion editor Eugenia Santiesteban Soto. "They'll customize a special color, help you choose among different fabrics—from canvas to leather—and

let you pick a ribbon trim. Then they trace your foot and custom-fit the size."

Make it yours: Made-to-order espadrilles take 15 days on average (Carrer Avinyó 7, Barcelona; from \$23).

Melissinos Art / ATHENS



"I love to visit sandal maker Stavros Melissinos," says Brooklyn-based florist Amy Merrick. "The tiny shop is filled with haphazard piles of sandals, but what it lacks in atmosphere it makes up for in variety. You can choose from 27 different ready-to-fit classic Greek styles. Or, if you have a few days, you can design your own. Melissinos's son Pantelis will guess your size—he's always right—fit each strap to

your foot's width, and nail the pieces in place while you wait. The sandals are so classic and reasonable, I stockpile them for summers to come." Melissinos advises softening the leather with baby oil and avoiding seawater, which can damage the finish.

Make it yours: Bespoke sandals take two or three days (Aghias Theklas 2, Psyri, Athens; from \$38).

Rondini / ST-TROPEZ

"The only place to find one-of-a-kind Tropéziennes sandals is Rondini," says Laure Heriard Du Breuil, co-founder of The Webster boutique in Miami Beach. "They adjust them directly onto your feet in less than two hours. The Tropéziennes in box leather and the Salomé are my must-haves."

Make it yours: Sandals made at this 88-year-old institution can be shipped overseas within ten days for \$13. The bespoke process includes choosing a style and color (18 rue Georges Clemenceau, St-Tropez; from \$160).

Berluti / PARIS



"The staff at the Berluti boutique on the rue Marbeuf in Paris call me The Millipede because you'd think I had a thousand feet judging from the number of Berluti shoes I own," says Guerlain's in-house perfumer, Thierry Wasser. "The brilliant array of custom patinas is what sets

Berluti apart from other shoemakers. Shoes can be tinted to any color imaginable, so what you get is truly unique. I once saw a pair of ski boots made by Berluti for Greta Garbo and asked them to create an updated version that I could wear in the fields during my

sourcing trips to India for vetiver. The final product is a pair of incredibly sturdy but amazingly light boots that make me feel elegant in the roughest of terrains."

Make it yours: Allow at least two fittings with Jean-Michel Casalonga, one of the house's *maitre bottiers*, and up to a dozen measurements, including volume, width, and body-weight distribution. Within three to four months, shoes are delivered in a custom leather box engraved with the owner's name (26 rue Marbeuf, Paris; from \$7,000).

Artigianato Rallo / POSITANO

"The original sandal maker of Positano, Artigianato Rallo is all about attention to detail and quality," says Joey Woller, founder of mobile boutique Styleliner. "You can choose from a variety of leathers, exotics, and heel heights. I have simple metallic python gladiators that wrap up my leg, and they've lasted for years."

Make it yours: A third-generation Rallo will handcraft your sandals in 30 minutes or less (Viale Pasitea 96, Positano; from \$40).

G. J. Cleverley & Co. / LONDON

"The line of a Cleverley shoe is elegant enough to seem Continental, but this little shop in London's Royal Arcade is thoroughly English," says Vogue arts reporter Mark Guiducci. "When you go in for a pair of be-

spoke shoes, the cobblers make a beechwood last of your foot to ensure a perfect fit."

Make it yours: Bespoke shoes take six to eight months (the second fitting happens at five

months). Cleverley recommends always using shoe bags and wooden shoe trees for maximum protection (13 The Royal Arcade, 28 Old Bond St., London; from \$3,800, including bespoke shoe trees and lasts).

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CLOTHING

Charvet / PARIS

"The best custom shirts bar none," says designer Peter Som of the Paris-based shirt shop. "They have been in business since 1838 and offer the most variety. You can customize everything—the collar, the fabric, the buttons, the cuff. I like a button-down and a standard French collar; their slim-cut shirt is perfect—not too

tight, not too loose . . . just right."

Make it yours: Choose from more than 6,000 patterns and colors, and luxe fabrics from Egyptian cotton to Irish linen to denim. Allow five weeks for monogrammed custom shirts, which can be shipped worldwide (28 Pl. Vendôme, Paris; from \$500).

Dice Kayek / PARIS



"I requested a stunning **gold embroidered dress** for an event at the Italian embassy in Paris last year," says brand developer Maria Buccellati. "It was truly couture and stood out for its workmanship and quality. Be sure you book two trips, one for each fitting."

Make it yours: Paris-based Kayek's bold, sculptural couture dresses take three to six months, depending on the fabric and embroidery; the dresses are then carefully packed and shipped by courier—sometimes via private plane (23 rue Molière, Paris; from \$22,500).

Cesare Attolini / NAPLES

"The Naples-based tailor Cesare Attolini is responsible for the finest examples of Italian menswear I've ever seen, each based on the efficiency of the perfect cut," says *Vogue*'s Guiducci. "**Attolini suits are like architecture**—they affect the way you live

your life without your even realizing it."

Make it yours: Bespoke service takes up to eight weeks, with a fitting at four weeks; rush service is available (Via Filangieri 15/D, Naples; from \$5,100).

PERFUME/COLOGNE

Lorenzo Villoresi / FLORENCE



"Lorenzo Villoresi is something of a cult favorite perfumer among aficionados," says *Condé Nast Traveler* editor at large Hanya Yanagihara. "His questions about what smells you respond to and what memories you have are as much a therapy session as they are a floral one. The atelier is on the top floor of his fifteenth-century house, which looks like a medieval apothecary: The walls are lined with vials and glass jars of essential oils."

Make it yours: Perfumes can be taken home the same day or shipped worldwide via courier, but Villoresi recommends waiting three to four weeks before wearing to ensure the proper maturation of ingredients. A consultation with Villoresi lasts about two hours, and your formula is kept on file so you can easily reorder (Via de Bardi 14, Florence; from \$4,100 for one of three different packages).

Floris / LONDON

"Penny Ellis and Nicola Pozzani operate out of the back room of the Floris flagship store on Jermyn Street, where **there are literally thousands of notes you can choose from**," says *Condé Nast Traveler* editor at large Maria Shollenbarger. "The first appointment is quite intensive, with lots

of questions, smelling, and analysis of your tastes and personality. Based on that, they'll blend three template scents for you to take home and wear. The one you choose is then refined."

Make it yours: The process takes about four

to six months and includes three in-person sessions with the perfumer. The fragrance is hand-poured during the final session and taken home that day. Reorders take two weeks to ship (89 Jermyn St., St. James's, London; \$6,900 for a 100-ml bottle, plus five reorders).

JEWELRY

Bamford Watch Department / LONDON

Though the high-end watch brand Bamford is known for its "blacked-out Rolexes"—a process in which the watch is given a matte-black finish using a military-grade Physical Vapour Deposition coating—they can **customize any watch** (a Rolex Daytona, say, or a Tag Heuer Monaco) with bespoke straps and dials and case engraving. They've done everything from matching a watch dial to the exact shade of a favorite lipstick to reproducing a family crest on the dial of a watch. "I gave a custom Bamford

watch—a black-face Rolex with a black ribbon band—to my husband for our tenth anniversary," says Lauder Zinterhofer. "He still wears it nearly 20 years later."

Make it yours: Allow six to eight weeks for customization. Watches can be shipped directly to the client or picked up from Bamford locations in New York City or London within six to eight weeks (44-207-881-8019; info@bamfordwatchdepartment.com; from \$12,100, with a two-year warranty).





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Chef Gutenbrunner and his traditional roasted goose.

Having grown up in an Austrian village surrounded by gardens, Chef Kurt Gutenbrunner has always been passionate about fresh food—and modern art. It's no surprise that he earned himself quite a unique spot in New York's culinary scene by combining the two. As owner of Wallsé, Cafe Sabarsky, Upholstery Store: Food and Wine, and Blaue Gans, the Michelin-star chef serves exceptional Viennese cuisine amid an impressive display of international art.

Each restaurant emanates a feeling of tradition and warmth—as does Gutenbrunner's signature plate. "In Austria, goose is cooked for special occasions and family gatherings," says the chef. "This dish has a genuine place in my heart." For the most flavorful ingredients, Gutenbrunner still returns to the garden. "I regularly visit local farms in New York and buy meat straight from the source."

The chef is also discerning about his cooking process and for this he turns to Miele. Complete with a convection oven, speed oven, warming drawer, a choice of grill or griddle configurations, and a menu of special modes, the Miele 48" Range allows everyone to explore—and expand—their culinary talents.

"Miele's Slow Roasting mode ensures my goose is impeccably tender and juicy."

—Chef Kurt Gutenbrunner



From top:
Chef Kurt Gutenbrunner;
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Where we're going next in Europe, who we're following, and strategies for getting from inspiration to destination.

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A flurry of new boutique hotels brings a hip restaurant and arts scene to Wessex.

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A look at the French perfume capital of Grasse through the rose-colored lens of Le Labo.

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A farewell to foam: Madrid's food scene gets back to basics.

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Île de Porquerolles just may be the last refuge on the French Riviera.



where what how

Subodh Gupta's giant steel milk pail at the Hauser & Wirth gallery in Somerset, England.



In England's idyllic Somerset and Dorset counties, Thomas Hardy literary references still abound. However, a new crop of stylish hotels and an influential gallery are bringing fresh life to these classic landscapes. Kate Maxwell heads to the country.

Go West

EVERY WEEKEND Londoners (like city folk the world over) decamp in droves for the country. And these days, the latest swath of green and pleasant land emerging as an easy getaway from the capital is the once-sleepy West Country counties of Somerset and Dorset, which have in the last year seen a flurry of boutique hotel openings. The area's new breed of hotels and inns are positioned in a North Somerset-to-South Dorset formation—a

100-mile stretch that's ideal for a meandering drive, and therefore a perfect add-on to your next London trip.

The West Country is, in temperament at least, the wild Hudson Valley to the Cotswolds' see-and-be-seen Hamptons. Take transportation, for example: In the former, where farming is still the primary enterprise, the majority of four-wheel drives are mud-spattered tractors; in the latter they're spotless Porsche

Picture-perfect cottages line the road leading to the Talbot Inn, in Mells.

Cayennes. Which isn't to say that the West Country (about a two-hour drive southwest of the city) has remained immune to the London weekend set. It's just a different, more bohemian crew that comes here, one in search of peace and quiet: the empty, undulating hills a hundred shades of green, where you can go for a 40-minute run and not see another soul; the villages where chickens peck their way along little byways; the pubs that fall silent when a stranger walks through the door.

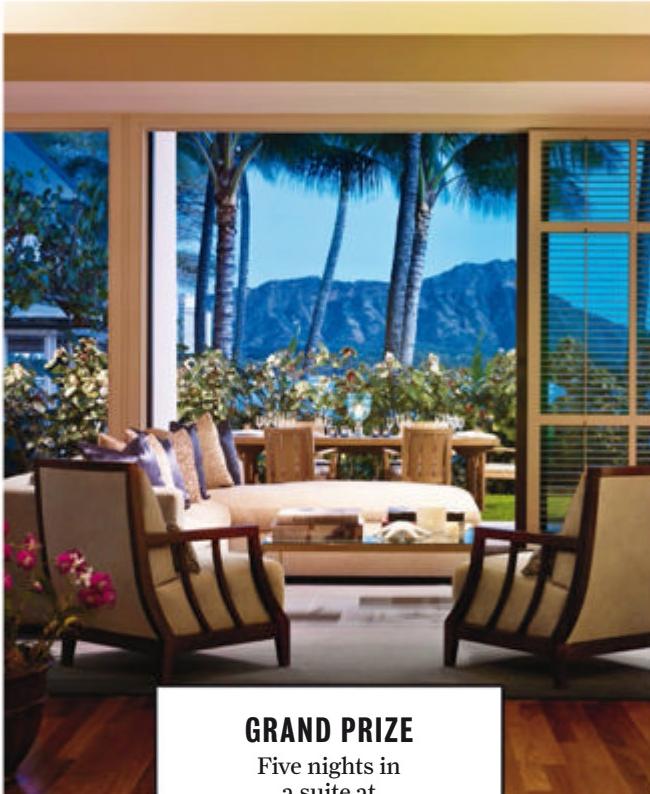
BEGIN YOUR trip just outside Bath in Somerset County, the setting for two of Jane Austen's novels and one of England's most architecturally impressive cities. Here you'll find **The Pig-Near Bath**, a laid-back 29-room hotel in a perfectly restored pale-gold Georgian structure with the same rustic-chic look as the owners' other three properties: shades of taupe Farrow and Ball paint,

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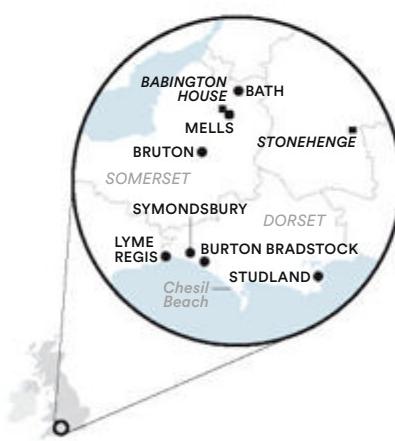
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mismatched furniture, a rough-hewn oak floor repurposed from railway carriages, and papier-mâché stag's heads mounted on the walls.

The Pig styles itself as a “restaurant with rooms,” and although the accommodations themselves are perfectly realized (No. 8 overlooks a deer paddock and has a four-poster oak bed), the real draw is the food. The restaurant, in a conservatory decorated to resemble a gardening shed, sources 90 percent of its ingredients from within 25 miles—including contributions from the walled

kitchen garden, planted with broad beans, chard, and five types of garlic. Start with the pork-heavy small dishes, such as bite-size ham hock Scotch eggs and flawless pork crackling *batons*, before moving on to the succulent fried local rabbit and finishing with the sumptuous apple pie. (The unfailingly warm service is another highlight.)

Just a 15-mile drive south of here, down narrow roads lined with hedge-rows, is the ancient village of Mells, where the **Talbot Inn**, founded in 1427, opened in its present incarnation

in 2013. It's co-run by a former staffer from nearby Babington House, a Georgian estate owned by Soho House, which set the standard for England's relaxed, muddy-wellies-and-chopped-firewood-by-the-door breed of country house hotels. (The owner of Babington House is also an investor in the Talbot.) The rabbit-warren-like inn's nine bedrooms have flagstone floors, claw-foot tubs, and local art; its fantastic restaurant, the vaulted Grill Room, serves a delicious, juicy whole chicken for two, while the low-ceilinged pub is cozy and well populated with locals. The Talbot isn't tiny Mells's only attraction: The lilliputian houses on the street adjacent to the inn are some of the oldest examples of medieval town planning, and at the end of the road is the fifteenth-century St. Andrew's Church, which houses British painter William Nicholson's stained glass window of Saint Francis; Siegfried Sassoon, the renowned World War I poet, is buried in the graveyard.

Then there's the groundbreaking new contemporary art center about ten miles south of Mells, in the town of Bruton. At first sight, Bruton seems an entirely unlikely location for the power-house gallery **Hauser & Wirth**, whose other outposts are in London, New York, and Zurich. But it makes more sense than might initially appear: Bruton and its environs are already home to a creative community of fashion designers, film producers, and artists who regularly gather at the inn **At the Chapel**, a beautifully realized conversion of a nineteenth-century Congregational chapel. (The town is home to King's School—a very posh boarding school founded in 1519—so it sees lots of wealthy weekend families.) Its excellent kitchen also runs the local, seasonal restaurant at Hauser & Wirth.

Hauser & Wirth itself occupies a complex of eighteenth-century farm buildings on the edge of town that house galleries, the Roth Bar & Grill, a garden



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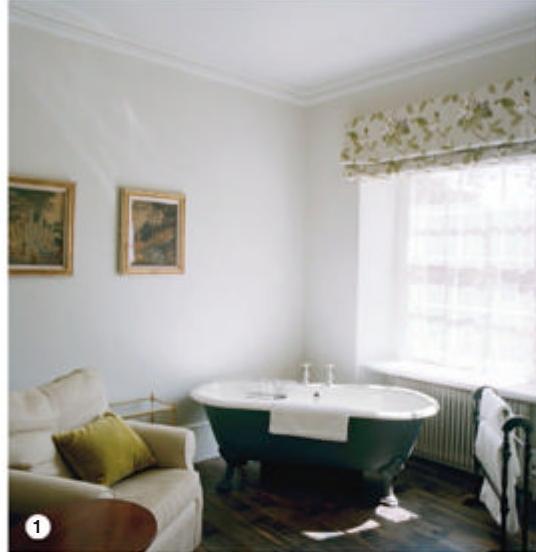
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1 One of the rooms at The Pig—Near Bath.



1

2 The organic garden at The Pig—On the Beach.



2

(designed by Piet Oudolf, who also did the plantings on the High Line in New York), an education center, and a six-bedroom house. The bones of the old buildings—oak beams, exposed-brick walls, wooden floorboards—provide a dramatic contrast to the site's two vast, purpose-built gallery spaces, neatly hidden behind the older stone buildings. The farmhouse—with its whimsical Pipilotti Rist installation made of glass bottles found at the farm, Roni Horn photographs, zany vintage bathroom suites, and walls alternately stripped, wallpapered, and mural-adorned—can be rented for parties and weddings.

SOUTHEAST OF Somerset is Dorset, where the attractions are both gastronomic and topographic. Lyme Regis, on the Jurassic Coast—where paleontologist Mary Anning foraged for fossils in the 1900s—is a charming seaside town with a growing culinary reputation, thanks in large part to local boy turned London restaurateur Mark Hix. At his Hix Oyster & Fish House, in Lyme Regis, you'll eat dishes like Hix Cure Salmon (the salmon is cured in salt and molasses and smoked with oak and apple chips) and rich, meaty monkfish curry while

gazing out over the fishing boat-dotted bay. Last spring, Hix also opened the eight-bedroom **Hix Townhouse**. Every morning, hampers of sweet and savory breakfast treats (pastries, sausage rolls) are delivered to the guest rooms, whose decor is inspired by Hix's outdoorsman interests—the Hunting Room has taxidermy on the walls and a red-leather chesterfield; the Sailing Room's iron bed is threaded with rope.

After checking out, continue east along the jagged coast, past Symondsbury,

STAY

Hix Townhouse

**Pound St.,
Lyme Regis,
Dorset; from \$140.**

The Pig—Near Bath

**Pensford,
Bath, Somerset;
from \$170.**

The Pig—On the Beach

**Manor Rd.,
Studland, Dorset;
from \$155.**

Seaside Boarding House

**Cliff Rd., Burton
Bradstock, Dorset;
from \$300.**

EAT

Talbot Inn

**Selwood St.,
Mells, Somerset;
from \$110.**

SEE

At the Chapel

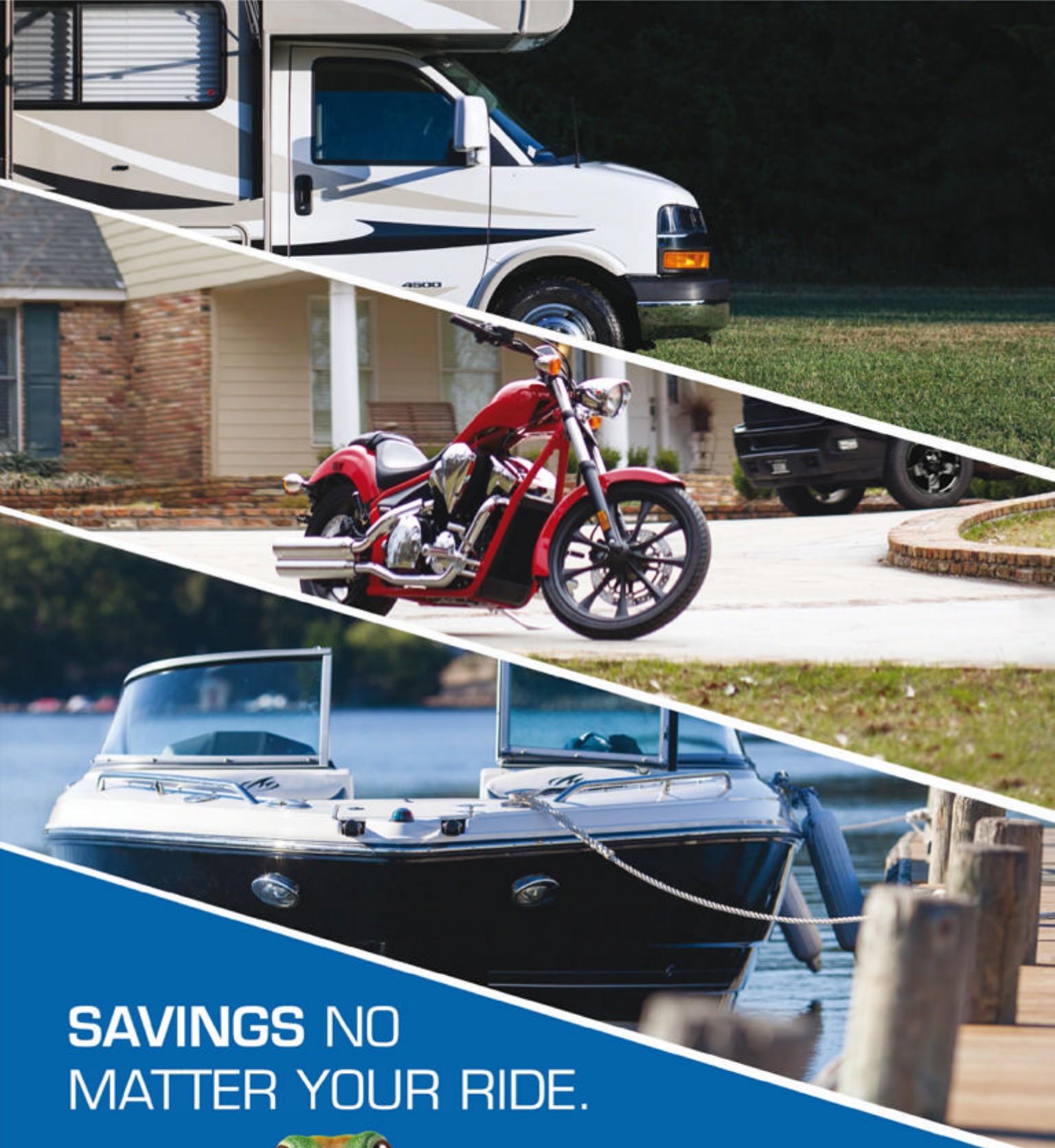
**28 High St.,
Bruton, Somerset.**

Hauser & Wirth

**Dropping Lane,
Bruton, Somerset.**

where the cast and crew of *Far from the Madding Crowd*—an adaptation of a Thomas Hardy novel, out next month—stayed during filming, and you'll encounter wide, pebbly Chesil Beach, the location of the recently opened eight-bedroom **Seaside Boarding House**, a sophisticated summer camp for adults (complete with a cocktail bar), co-owned by a former managing director of The Groucho, a London private club.

But it's the newest of the West Country hotels that might be the most picturesque. On one of England's finest sandy beaches, Studland Bay, sits the latest (for now) piglet, **The Pig—On the Beach**, where you'll find another of the group's trademark greenhouse restaurants, along with 23 bedrooms, a beach hut, and a spa. But here, as could be said about any of these new lodgings in Somerset and Dorset counties, it's really something eternal—the environment, the scenery, the cool, clean air—that's the biggest draw of all. The rippling green hills, the ragged limestone shore, Studland's grand sweep of gold—when the sun beams on Somerset and Dorset, as, believe it or not, it often does, it's hard to imagine anywhere more beautiful. ♦



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D.C. COOL: YOUR SPRING GETAWAY LIST

The top four must-do's for the perfect spring getaway in the nation's capital



National Portrait Gallery

With masses of pink cherry blossoms in bloom, springtime is one of the best times to visit Washington, D.C.—and whether you're into history, art, or culture, amazing events and exhibitions are offered all season long. Go for a weeklong break or a weekend getaway, and discover something new with our must-do list for an exciting D.C. escape.

1. National Cherry Blossom Festival

The National Cherry Blossom Festival (March 20–April 12) is an annual tradition here, showcasing the 3,000 cherry trees that the city of Tokyo gave to our nation's capital in 1912. Gaze at the profusion of pink petals and take your pick from more than 150 international cultural performances and several special events during this three-week citywide event.

2. The Lincoln Tribute

History buffs will want to mark the 150th anniversary of Lincoln's assassination at Ford's Theatre. To commemorate this event, the theatre is presenting *The Lincoln Tribute* (April 14–15). Visitors can

explore Ford's Theatre, watch a performance, or even take part in the all-night vigil for the president.

3. Special Installation at the National Portrait Gallery

D.C. is always a top destination for art lovers. Starting this spring, you can see 19 major paintings from private collectors at the Smithsonian American Art Museum's *Special Installation of 19 American Masterworks* (April 17–August 16). Many of these works—like Mary Cassatt's *Portrait of a Lady*—will be on public display for the first time.

4. Passport D.C.

Washington, D.C.'s many embassies and cultural organizations give the city a cosmopolitan feel. Learn more during Passport D.C. (May 1–30), a monthlong celebration of international culture.

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The Name of the Rose

The French Riviera is indelibly associated with sun and surf. But for perfume aficionados, the area is famous for being the home of the world's most coveted flower. We follow Le Labo parfumeur Fabrice Penot on his quest for the perfect rose.



The heavenly scented French Riviera town of Grasse during its annual rose harvest.

WHEN IS a rose not just a rose? When it's *Rosa centifolia*, an old varietal so highly scented that it makes the florally obsessed downright covetous. "It's a little fruitier, deeper, and more voluptuous than any other rose," says Fabrice Penot, co-founder of the New York-based cult perfume line Le Labo, known for its complex yet clean, single note-inspired scents. *Centifolia*'s allure is heightened by the fact that it's still grown commercially in relatively few places: The most famous is the small town of Grasse on the French Riviera, where decades of rising real estate prices have shrunk thousands of acres of rose fields to just a few plots. And although the French-born Penot has traveled around the world to find inspiration for his perfumes—including recent trips to Quebec and China—his favorite pilgrimage remains the one he makes to Grasse's annual *Rosa centifolia* harvest in May.

An hour's drive from Monaco, Grasse is noted for its narrow streets lined with pink-painted buildings and, thanks to what some perfumers consider a perfect microclimate (it's in a hilly, irrigated area that's far enough inland to be protected from sea breezes), an outsize reputation as a perfume capital since the late eighteenth century. Many of the elite French fragrance houses, including Hermès, Chanel, and Dior, source their roses and jasmine here. And while Grasse's distilleries can feel a bit touristy—you can visit them much as you would tasting rooms during a Napa Valley wine tour—the rose harvest itself is deeply rooted in a tradition that began in the Middle Ages, when the town was filled with tanneries and roses were harvested to counter the stench of raw leather. Now, as then, for three weeks (starting at the end of April or in May, depending on weather patterns), the rose fields fill with women

who pick the flowers one by one, break the blooms, and gently place the petals in bags made from old curtains. They work from 7 to 10 A.M., and during those hours, the back roads fill with tourists, locals, and the perfume-obsessed, all stopping to witness the age-old ritual. "It's quite welcoming and celebratory on the edges of the fields. Last year someone opened a few bottles of wine," Penot says. "And at around eight o'clock, you start to get a whiff of the roses as the day warms up." By the end of the harvest, the women in Le Labo's five acres of fields will have collected 1.5 tons of petals—which will be distilled into just 2.3 liters of precious absolute rose oil, which can fetch upwards of \$280 an ounce.

Penot, who has long used *centifolia*'s essence for Le Labo's signature perfume, Rose 31 (and who made it the base note of the fragrances he created to scent the public spaces in Fairmont hotels around the world), fondly remembers his first harvest: "Walking the fields and smelling the flowers was so magical, I thought it was a crime that people who wear perfume couldn't understand the soulfulness and passion behind it." The appeal of harvest time, he says, isn't just for those who love fragrance; it's for anyone who wants to witness an enduring French tradition that speaks to the intimate connection between the people and the land. "When you see generations of women picking flowers for perfume as they have for centuries, it feels spiritual and human." —Eimear Lynch

Penot's Grasse Favorites

STAY

Le Mas Candille
Housed in an eighteenth-century farmhouse, this intimate hotel sits on a hilltop overlooking acres of fields (blvd. Clément Rebuffel; from \$365).

EAT

La Bastide Saint Antoine
Chef Jacques Chibois's elegant

terrace restaurant has views of the Bay of Cannes and the surrounding olive groves (48 ave. Henri-Dunant).

SEE

International Perfume Museum
This museum celebrates the history of perfumery with displays of vintage flasks and distillery techniques (2 blvd. du Jeu de Ballon).



1 Le Labo founders Eddie Roschi, left, and Fabrice Penot, right, in Grasse, chatting with a visitor from the nearby town of Fayence.

2 A rose-decked fountain in Grasse's city center.

3 Picking *Rosa centifolia* at Domaine de Manon in Grasse.

4 Rose petals are spread out to dry, preventing mold and decay.

After years of molecular gastronomy, with its flavored foams and vapors, Madrid's food scene makes a U-turn to become the new capital of home-style Spanish cooking.

Back to Its Roots



A ripe Navarran tomato with basil is served as simply as a rare steak at the tapas bar Sala de Despiece.

SPAIN MAY be in the economic doldrums, but judging from its capital's packed markets, restaurants, and tapas bars, it's buzzing. Every night, people fill the streets of Madrid's Chueca and Salamanca districts, going from tapas bar to tapas bar in a hedonistic parade that stretches into the wee hours. This is famously a late-night town (hence the almost government-mandated *siesta*). On most menus, including in the city's best restaurants, chefs are recovering from their love affair with the molecular gastronomy that so defined Spanish food in the '90s and '00s. These days, you'll find market-oriented menus increasingly dedicated to home-style yet still-elevated versions of dishes that a *madrileña* mother would serve to a lovesick son: hearty meat stews (*cocidos*); heirloom Navarran leeks, tomatoes, and peppers lightly dressed with olive oil; crispy fried *croquetas* of ham or potato; and seafood. It's no accident that as economic indicators decline, comfort food makes a surge, providing solace during turbulent financial times.

The best way to get a sense of Madrid's diverse culinary pleasures is to take a tour of its historic markets: Each has its own personality and culinary specialties—and enough people watching for hours of enjoyment over several glasses of inexpensive but delicious Rueda or Tempranillo. The **Mercado de San Miguel**, near the Plaza Mayor, is Madrid's most famous (and heavily touristied). This market is also the city's most beautiful—built in 1916, it has soaring cast-iron columns and a glass facade that give it the feeling of a Victorian greenhouse—which means you'll find yourself vying for space with

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1 Sala de Despiece owner and head chef Javier Bonet prepares for a night's service.

2 The light-filled interior at La Contraseña, which

has become a favorite in the Chamberí district.

3 The social scene at La Contraseña, with its sunny glass-roofed courtyard.



visitors snapping selfies and propping shots for Instagram. Look for the small paper cones filled with Iberian ham and cured tenderloin from acorn-fed free-range pigs at Carrasco Guijuelo (stalls 4, 5, and 18); they've been slicing pork for more than 120 years. Then walk across the aisle for garlic shrimp on avocado toast, grilled asparagus, and a chilled tumbler of gazpacho at El Señor Martín (stall 44), the market's seafood specialist (mercadodesanmiguel.es).

The **Mercado San Antón** is more of a locals' affair, hidden away on a side street in the Chueca district. From the outside, it looks like an ordinary multi-level concrete mall, but the atrium-style interiors have been designed to feel like a Whole Foods, for better or worse. What the place lacks in historic authenticity, however, it makes up for in modern convenience—and the absence of tourists. Have a glass of Verdejo and order tapas such as

chanquetes (tiny fried whitefish) and *padrón* peppers from the chalkboard menu at La Imperial. Or take your purchases from the market's fishmongers and butchers to the rooftop restaurant, where the chef will turn them into dinner (mercadosananton.com).

The **Mercado de San Fernando**, in Lavapiés, one of Madrid's gentrifying districts, is still a little rough—and the locals like it that way. Here, the influence of the city's African and South American immigrant populations mingles with international hipster culture. The stalls of the covered market showcase the traditional and the trendy, with sushi at Washoku Sushi, local produce at La Huerta del Sol, and leather goods painstakingly hand-sewn by artisans at Maniobras Reciclantes. On the third Sunday of the month, the slightly tatty central courtyard is taken over by Chanclachá, a lively salsa dance party that's open to the public. Sit at

one of the market bars for beer, wine, and tapas between dance sets, or take in the scene over oysters and a crisp white wine from the Ribera del Duero region at the restaurant Bond 40 (mercadode sanfernando.es).

Located near the tony Plaza de Colón, **Platea Madrid** is pure theater of an almost Vegas sort. A former cinema, this high-concept market kept its red-curtained stage for music, cabaret, and dance performances. The glamorously lit five-level space comes alive at night as chatting, well-dressed Madrileños bustle between venues: La Hora del Vermut for vermouth (one of Madrid's favorite spirits), Kinua for Peruvian ceviche, Beso de Sal for tacos, and As Bateas for octopus and oysters. There's even De Cuchara, selling Spanish soups and stews for those craving something homey. All in all, Platea barely fits in the food market category, but with 23 restaurants and shops, it blurs the boundaries between food court and



For more on Madrid's food scene, visit cntraveler.com/dining-in-Madrid.



Calle Ponzano

Home-style tapas like fried croquettes and straightforward meat and seafood dishes have made a comeback in a big way. You'll find a crop of the best new old-fashioned tapas bars on Calle Ponzano, in the revived Chamberí district, just north of the city center.

EL DOBLE

With the renewed interest in traditional food, this 50-year-old, standing-only tapas bar is always packed. The blue-and-white-tiled walls are classic Spanish, as is the seafood-centric, simply prepared cuisine: The *camarones* (small, sweet red shrimp) are lightly boiled, the mussels from Galicia are prepared *en escabeche* (pickled in vinegar and olive oil), and the salad of whole prawns, diced peppers and onions, and sherry vinegar may just be the most elaborate dish on offer (No. 8).

a dozen varieties of croquettes (the mushroom and ham ones are particularly good). If you're looking for something more substantial, order one of the entrées, like the seafood plate with fried calamari, anchovies, and *cazón*, a small, meaty shark (No. 8).

LOS ARCOS DE PONZANO

This 63-year-old neighborhood staple serving cuisine from the northern province of Segovia got a recent reboot with new wood floors, red and white tablecloths, and a revamped menu. Highlights of the meat-heavy offerings include Iberian ham, roast suckling pig, lamb chops, roast lamb shank, and the signature house-made rice with *morcilla*, or blood sausage (No. 16).

LA CONTRASEÑA

This year-old tapas bar and restaurant has fast become a neighborhood hangout for its excellent food and strong gin and tonics, as well as its beautifully designed wood-and-tile interior and glass-roofed patio. Favorite dishes include steak tartare topped with a quail egg, white asparagus doused in peppery olive oil, and—a specialty from Córdoba—deep-fried eggplant with honey and *salmorejo*, a puree of tomatoes, bread, garlic, olive oil, and vinegar (No. 6).

SALA DE DESPIECE

The long, sleek counter and the walls made from pastel-colored Styrofoam blocks are undoubtedly modern. The tapas plates, however, are classics. The two-page menu lists each dish, the method of preparation, and the origins: Razor clams from Pontevedra, for example, are grilled *à la plancha* and topped with sea salt. Other musts include the oversized fried pimiento peppers; the whole peeled tomato marinated overnight in tomato juice, sugar, and salt; and, to finish, silky flan (No. 11). **—Shivani Vora**

performance space in a way that—if the crowds are any indication—other cities around the world would do well to imitate (Calle de Goya 5-7).

ANOTHER FAVORITE Madrid restaurant isn't new at all. Nothing about **La Manduca de Azagra**, tucked into a nondescript street in the city's centrally located Chamberí district, calls too much attention to itself. The interiors are sparely modern, with the type of soft-focus lighting that makes the loyal clientele of politicians, media people, and artists feel comfortable. The waitstaff are silent and efficient, and the menu is an exemplar of careful restraint. No one here wants much of a scene. What *does* stand out is the food—traditional Spanish dishes that celebrate vegetables (a novelty in ham-and-cheese-centric Spanish restaurants)—and the warm hospitality of owners Juan Miguel Sola and his wife, Anabel, who were doing farm-to-table

before it had a name. The star of the menu is the produce brought down daily from Azagra, the Solas' hometown, just south of Pamplona. His favorite—*cristal* peppers, “so much better than the ordinary *piquillos*”—carry a flavor of earthy minerals. Artichokes, cardoons, and borage stems are blanched and delicately laced with fruity olive oil. *Pochas* (tender beans) are simply stewed with pork and vegetables. But this isn't a place just for vegetarians: A main course of slow-braised bull's tail arrives, deboned and molded into a terrine shape studded with porcini. It's a Spanish version of the best pot roast you'll ever have. The meal ends with *torrijas*—a Navarran version of French toast with a crème brûlée top that is traditionally served to children—and a warm good-bye embrace from Anabel. Not even the most hard-core trend-chaser could leave wanting more (Sagasta 14). **—Stephen Orr**

LAMBUZO

Plates from the southwest city of Cádiz are the focus, including tapas such as chilled carrot coins tossed with cumin and garlic; a salad of potatoes, tuna, and mayonnaise; and half

It's all about beaches, bikes, and boats on this quiet, car-free island off the Côte d'Azur.



Île de Porquerolles

In the premier issue of Condé Nast Traveler—September 1987—we covered this tiny island south of St-Tropez, calling it “the last refuge on the French Riviera.” Nearly three decades later, Jon Maksik is blissfully surprised to find that it remains so.

I **LOVE** islands. I love the idea of islands, the illusion that I am floating on the world, rather than anchored to it. I love the sense of isolation that descends with darkness, the sound of water reaching an island's shores. I love when the sky changes with the wind, and the way islands make me feel both calm and adventuresome.

I've been to big islands and to small ones, to wild gray northern islands and to lush tropical ones, to some of the most visited islands in the world and to some of the most remote. My wife and I once

arranged to be left on a tiny Finnish island in the middle of Lake Inari, north of the Arctic Circle. By the fourth day, long after building a fire for the sauna had lost its charm, I was spending most of my time looking down the lake for what I'd begun to think of as the rescue boat. Still, the romance endures: Belle Île, Heron Island, Corsica, the Isle of Skye, Ischia, Île de Ré, the Bahamas, Nevis, Nantucket, Hawaii, Kauai. . . . Even Maui, even knowing that I'll be confronting plastic leis and ersatz tropical drinks, I nearly weep at the first sight of

the island's “folding cliffs” and the first breath of plumeria-scented air.

The sun was shining on the May afternoon when we sailed into the pretty harbor of Île de Porquerolles, a miraculously unspoiled paradise just a few nautical minutes from the worst excesses of the Côte d'Azur. Rugged hills rose above the harbor, and we could see the ruins of several stone forts that long ago defended the island against Mediterranean pirates, and not so long ago against the Nazis. These days, the most effective island defense is the prohibition against

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Under the Radar

1 An aerial view of Île de Porquerolles. In the foreground is Pointe du Grand Langoustier, on the island's quiet, western side—about three miles from the ferry landing.

2 A cheery, flower-decked window at the hotel Le Mas du Langoustier.

cars and pavement and the dearth of places to stay. With the exception of service vehicles, there are no cars on the island. And with the exception of a few modest inns near the harbor and a luxury hotel at the far western end, there are no other places to stay.

Île de Porquerolles, the largest of the three islands in the Îles d'Hyères, is bounded by rugged cliffs on its southern flank and flawless, usually empty beaches on the north. The island's village was founded in 1820; a lighthouse was built in 1837 and a church in 1850. By most accounts, however, the crucial event in island history occurred in 1912, when François Joseph Fournier, a Belgian entrepreneur and agricultural engineer who had discovered gold in Mexico, bought the island as a wedding present for his second wife, Sylvia. Together, they raised seven children on the island, created an agricultural cooperative that included medical facilities and schools, and planted hundreds of thousands of trees, more than 60 acres of fruits and vegetables, and vineyards that produced the first wine to achieve the designation Vin des Côtes de Provence. Fournier died in 1935, at the age of 77; Sylvia lived until 1971, the same year that France purchased 80 percent of the island to make it part of the Parc National de Port-Cros.

Now, day-trippers come and go. They rent bikes or walk to the most accessible beaches; some explore farther afield. But when night falls, the island belongs to the lucky few who moor their boats in a quiet cove, or find a hotel room, or, in the best of all possible worlds, own a house. We were staying at the aforementioned luxury hotel, Le Mas du Langoustier. Accessed by



a rough, hilly road set in a forest and perched above two coves, it is one of the most beautiful places on an island filled with beauty.

The next morning, after breakfast on the terrace overlooking the sea, we biked across the interior of Île de Porquerolles and out to the wild southern shore. We'd decided to ride a loop along the cliffs, and on a high promontory we met another mountain biker with suspiciously sophisticated equipment, who assured us that there was no need to turn back—the loop wasn't "*trop difficile*." We should have known better. Instead, we spent the next few hours lifting our bikes over colossal boulders and elephantine tree roots.

We set out to discover more of the island each day: its charming port, its small bays and exquisite beaches, its ancient forts, its famous vineyards, its cemetery with the Fournier family plot. We envied the boaters, moored in the turquoise coves—but just a bit. Each afternoon, we returned to the "Mas" for a swim or a walk along the coastal path before another sumptuous sunset dinner.

A few weeks later, back in Paris, I found an old postcard with a black-and-white photo of Île de Porquerolles' harbor on one side and a message dated May 1950 on the other. "*Tout va bien*," it read, in part. Nearly six and a half decades later, I understood perfectly. ♦



No dish is ordinary
in great hands.

Water is slowly added to
kaolin, lactose, black dye
and salt.

Small boiled potatoes are
skewered and dipped in
the mixture.

They're baked vertically at
50 degrees celsius for
30 minutes.

The stone has a crisp first bite
and a tender, creamy center.

Surprise is sometimes
the best ingredient.

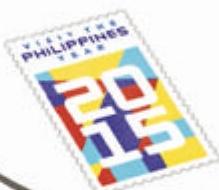
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BEHIND THE SCENES: CALABRIA “The late Russian photographer Aleksandr Rodchenko is a big influence on my work in many ways. His most famous photograph, *Girl with a Leica* (1934)—of a woman in white covered in graphic black-and-white geometric shadows—inspired me to make this image as I was shooting poolside at the Villa Paola in Tropea.” —Bill Phelps, September 28, 2014

The secret's out on Mykonos, Santorini, and even Patmos—but on the lesser-known islands of Antiparos, Paros, and Pano Koufonisi, the beaches are unspoiled, the tavernas are rustic, and the pace of life is blissfully slow. Lindsay Talbot unwinds in the heart of the Aegean.

CYCLADIC IDEAL

Photographs by Gabriela Herman





IHAVE BEEN an islomaniac since birth, but I am a picky one. My islands need to have all the right proportions. I like them rugged and remote. They shouldn't try too hard, but they should have enough to keep you from growing bored. The first time I visited the 220-island-strong Cyclades—the most frequented and most famous of the Greek archipelago's seven island groups—I traced the tourist's trilogy of Mykonos, Delos, and Santorini, spending a few nights among the crowded bars and beaches of Mykonos; a day walking around the sacred ruins of Delos; and another few lounging by the infinity pool overlooking the caldera and the dizzying jumble of cliffs on Santorini. All three were islands whose charms, I found, revealed themselves rather quickly—and perhaps a bit too generously.

But in 2008, I made my first trip to the lesser-known (at least to Americans) central Cyclades—including Paros, Antiparos, Naxos, and Pano Koufonisi. Here were islands that surrendered themselves much more slowly. There were hardly any nightclubs, boisterous restaurants, or high-end shops—and yet there seemed to be no end of whitewashed hillside towns and hidden swimming caves to discover and explore. Each island is a swimmer's paradise; I've now been to about 30 beaches on Paros alone. They come in endless

varieties: There's Kolymbithres, on the northern tip of the island, famous for bizarre rock formations rubbed so smooth by the sand that they're almost lunar; or the windsurfing meccas at Chrissi Akti, on the southeastern side, where kiteboarders' colorful sails fly across the sky in arching swoops. Many have little tabernacles, bamboo-thatched umbrellas, and sleepy tavernas where roasting spits of souvlaki slowly pirouette.

Like its neighbors, Paros has never been entirely dependent on tourism: While its ports draw summer crowds, it's largely been the protectorate of a population of European families and expats who maintain summer homes outside its four main villages—Naoussa, Parikia, Lefkes, and Marpissa. There are mostly just quaint bed-and-breakfasts on the island, and a stately high-end hotel or two dotting each end. But recently, a handful of boutique hotels—like the Greek-owned Beach House on nearby Antiparos, which opened last summer—along with a flashier kind of visitor (Tom Hanks, Madonna) are shining the spotlight on these central Cycladic isles. The fashion set have even been trading Patmos (an airportless island in the north Dodecanese that's an eight-hour trip from Athens by ferry) for Antiparos—which can be reached by ferry in about four hours from Athens or 30 minutes from the Paros airport.

In fact, it seems that tiny Antiparos is becoming the new Patmos in that it's the *anti*-Patmos: While

Previous page, from left: Bougainvillea drapes a veranda at the hotel Astir of Paros; Gala Beach (or Milk Beach), on the island of Pano Koufonisi. **Below:** Night falls over Parasparos Beach on Paros. **Right:** Fresh-caught sardines and a Greek salad at the taverna Captain Pipinos on Antiparos.



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From top: A colorfully painted fishing boat; tavernas line the waterfront on Paros. **Right:** A whitewashed street in Parikia.





Left: A sunbather on the cliffs of Pano Koufonisi, where some of the most secluded swimming spots require a short hike.

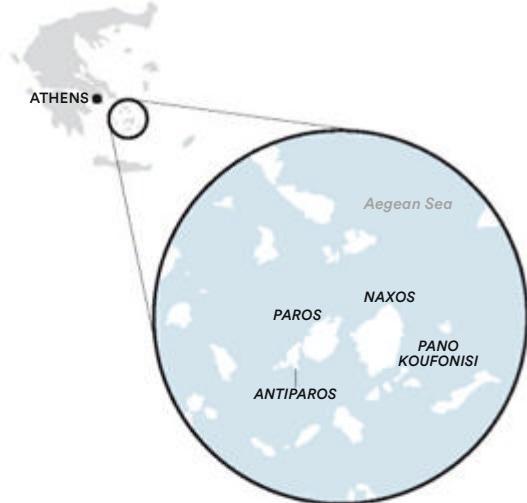
Patmos in August has the distinct see-and-be-seen social whirl of New York Fashion Week—an exhausting, ceaseless scene, teeming with *it* girls (self-anointed or not) and interior and fashion designers—Antiparos is a place for those who seek and require no society but their own. On Antiparos, old men sit beneath ancient oak trees playing backgammon, while the hippies who washed up here in the 1970s still run nudist campgrounds. Though you might bump into Bruce Springsteen at The Doors, a local bar where the owner gives free ouzo to anyone who can sing all the lyrics of Bob Dylan's "Hurricane," you'll otherwise be left alone. And in summertime in Greece, that is the rarest, most precious thing of all.

AND YET for all the rediscovery, the truth is that these isles have been drawing writers and artists seeking escape for centuries. In the early 1800s, Lord Byron inscribed his signature in a cave at the southern end of Antiparos, a place where millennia-old stalactites and stalagmites spiral, corkscrew-like, into the darkness. Truman Capote, having just finished *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, spent the summer of 1958 on Paros. Throughout his long stay in Parikia, he worked on the text for Richard Avedon's *Observations*, the photographer's first book of portraits, and read Proust and Chandler. He also began writing *Answered Prayers*, his final—and famously unfinished—novel.

Even today, it is easy to imagine how Capote must have found here a refuge from all the things which by that point had come to define and, equally, oppress him: New York society, the literary world, and even his own persona. On Paros, there was none of that—there was only sun, sea, and serenity. "We have not seen a newspaper since we arrived on the island," wrote photographer Cecil Beaton, while staying with Capote at the Meltemi Hotel in Parikia. "We have lived in a timeless haze of repetition. Life is nothing but sleep, swim, eat, and read. One day merges soothingly into another without incident. Each day is a pattern."

And like Beaton's, my days on Paros—a week or two almost every August for the past eight years—are also a pattern. I find myself immediately in the island's hull, falling into its idle routine. Its alchemy is restorative, cathartic, elemental—swimming every day in the sea, driving through the amber pastures of arid farmlands, eating the same simple Greek dishes you find at every little taverna. Time slows, as if running counterclockwise.

Toward the end of my stay, I always make a day-trip to the Caribbean-blue waters around Pano Koufonisi—a small island just off Naxos that's so undeveloped it may have been what Paros looked like when Capote and Beaton visited. Its low



coastline looks almost porous—so pocked with natural swimming pools and cavernous cliffs that it resembles a slice of Swiss cheese.

But the rest of my time is spent on Paros, and whenever I return, I notice, as if for the first time, how in the rosy satin dusk, everything is electrified by the white candescence of the sinking Mediterranean sun; I watch the town's domed churches, Frankish castles, and Venetian palaces gild in the late-afternoon light. The island burns on like a piece of Murano glass. The final day of my trip each year, I sit in a spectacular cove at the foot of a plunging ravine, one flanked by wind-swept olive trees that look like they belong in a Dr. Seuss storybook. In the distance is a funky campground with tie-dyed tents, neon-bright dune buggies, and a pirate flag flapping in the breeze. The beach is wide and, but for one family, deserted. There are no umbrellas or chaises—just a stretch of pale smooth stones, palm trees, and turquoise water. A small taverna sits above the beach, its terrace shaded by grapevines. Plates of vivid-red stuffed tomatoes and clouds of feta mixed with olives and onion cover the rickety little tables, while octopus dries outside in glass display cases. The restaurant is run by an old sea captain with a mop of yellowed curls weathered by the sun and salty air. He wears a navy-blue wool sailor's cap and could pass for a Homeric sea god.

A donkey roams on a hill in the distance, and the outline of a motorized skiff from Antiparos starts to appear. As lunch arrives, I begin talking to a sun-kissed Englishman who used to work in publishing. I ask him how long he's been on the island. "Ten years ago I came over for a week to clear my head," he says. "I never left."

I realize then that it's time for me to pack up—before the island captures me as well. ♦

For more photos of Paros, download our digital edition. For tips on where to eat, drink, and stay, visit cntraveler.com/greek-isles.

STAY

Astir of Paros

An elegant resort overlooking the sea, with lush tropical gardens. KOLYMBITHRES, NAOUSSA, PAROS; from \$245.

Yria Resort

Set on a former vineyard, this contemporary hotel has an inviting infinity pool. PARIKIA, PAROS; from \$215.

EAT

Levantis

A modern twist on Greek cuisine. PARIKIA, PAROS.

Soso

Locals love this tiny, romantic spot. NAOUSSA, PAROS.

When it comes to the pleasures of food and design, the Wälder people of the Bregenzerwald Valley are known for hewing to tradition without blocking out the modern world. The result? A new kind of pastoral paradise. By Sam Knight

AUSTRIA MODERNE

Photographs by Matt Hranek







Previous page,
from left: A dessert of chocolate *Nougatknödel*, a sweet Austrian dumpling, with raspberry sauce at the Biohotel Schwanen in Bizau; the Bregenzerwald region is known for the high-quality dairy products of its grass-fed cows.
This page, from left: The view toward Bezau; the traditional shingled exterior of Gasthof Krone in Hittisau. **Right:** *Gebackenes Ei*—a fried soft-boiled farm egg—with an herb salad and smoky speck at the Biohotel Schwanen, where dishes that celebrate traditional ingredients are presented with a modernist flair.

ON MY third morning in Austria's picturesque Bregenzerwald, I left the Hotel Post, in Bezau, before the clouds had lifted from the sides of the valley, and headed for the cable car station at the end of the road. As the cable car ascended into the trees, I turned and watched the Bregenzerwald spread out below me: long fingers of meadow and clusters of old villages tucked into the northern side of the Alps.

Bregenzerwald means Forest of Bregenz. It's named for the town in western Austria of roughly 30,000 people that sits below it, on the shores of Lake Constance (Bodensee in German), 75 miles from Zurich. Here in the mountains, Zurich feels far away. They are forest people, the Wälder, and in their harsh dialects, words can change in the space of a hillside. A little girl at one end of the valley is a *Schmelle*; a few miles away, she is a *Moatet*.

The Wälder used to be cut off from the outside world by trees, and although the valley has been cleared, there's an insular feeling thrumming through its old-world hamlets and villages. What is deeply unusual about the Bregenzerwald, and has been for hundreds of years, is that its people produce exquisitely innovative food and design. It is the sort of place where you find a storybook house in the woods beside a burbling brook—and down the road a modernist concrete home built into the side of a hill. Although this is essentially farm country, it's also an unlikely hotbed of talent, home to rising-star chefs, internationally renowned architects, and high-end furniture

designers plying their trades. In these woods, you are just as likely to find the future as the past.

How this Alpine valley came to be this way pretty much defies explanation, yet here's an attempt: In the seventeenth century, peasants and woodworkers from the Bregenzerwald began venturing out in summer to find work in northern Italy and Switzerland. In the snowy winter, they returned to study and hone their crafts. They were devout, relentless people, and they became some of the leading church-builders and stucco artisans in Middle Europe. A single village, Au—which even today is no more than a scattered hamlet high in the valley—produced an entire school of Baroque architects, the Au Academy, which was active in the eighteenth century. "They wanted to go forward, always to go forward," said Oskar Kaufmann, an architect from the region who specializes in coolly modern prefab structures, which were featured in a 2008 show at the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

The Bregenzerwald is still alive with the spirit of these forebears. Families have been here for centuries, dedicating themselves to ideals of self-sufficiency and originality and the task of making beautiful things. "It's not about who has the most money or the biggest car," Kaufmann explained. "The only thing that's important is what you do and how seriously you do it."

Take dairy farming. There are as many cows as there are people in the Bregenzerwald. The herds feed exclusively on grass and herbs, and the milk they produce is some of the finest in Europe. For centuries, the Wälder have sold their *Bergkäse*

STAY

Biohotel Schwanen
The contemporary mixes with the historic at this venerable property, and the restaurant serves hearty yet inventive dishes like artichoke soup garnished with strips of venison and, for dessert, dandelion mousse.
KIRCHDORF 77,
BIZAU; from \$200.

Gasthof Krone
At this family-owned hotel, the Nussbaumers pride themselves on time-honored hospitality and local dishes like venison goulash and trout from nearby Lake Constance.
AM PLATZ 185,
HITTISAU; from \$185.

Continued on page 86





Clockwise from top left: The modern annex to the Hotel Post; a table setting at the Biohotel Schwanen; the light-filled contemporary dining room at the Romantik Hotel Das Schiff in Hittisau; an updated version of a classic Austrian dish—wild deer stew with mushrooms and celery root. **Right:** Chef-owner Helene Nussbaumer and sous-chef Michael Garcia Lopez of the Gasthof Krone.



(“mountain cheese”)—aromatic and nutty—to the best shops in Venice and Milan. If these people do something, they do it properly.

And yet as proud as they are of their past, they are equally dedicated to reinvention. On my first night, I drove to the Gasthof Krone, a nineteenth-century hotel in Hittisau (the 22 villages of the Bregenzerwald are like buds on a branch, each a few miles from the last). At the Krone, the pale-wood paneling of the Alte Stube, the old inn’s dining room, glowed; the windows were fringed with fine lace; a crucifix hung in the corner. “This table is as old as the house—176 years,” said Dietmar Nussbaumer, co-owner of the Krone, tapping the wood. I drank a dry Grüner Veltliner from southern Austria and ate roasted trout, caught in the Sonderbach, a nearby Alpine stream, and prepared by Nussbaumer’s wife, Helene. The food here, much like elsewhere in the valley, is mountain food: short on bread and long on freshwater fish, veal, venison, *Kaiservleisch* (smoked pork), and cheese—often flavored with caraway, nutmeg, and thyme.

In 2007, Dietmar and Helene, whose family has owned the Krone for a century, undertook a major redesign using only local craftspeople. They did not have to compromise. Their architect, based just 15 miles away, was Bernardo Bader, who won the international Aga Khan Award for Architecture in 2013. All the new woodwork was made within a few hundred yards of the hotel.

The result is a quiet, beautiful reimagining of an Alpine inn: pristine parquet; shutters that sigh when they close; modernist beds; walls of silver fir cut so fine that they required no oil or sanding.

UNTIL AROUND 2000, tourism in the Bregenzerwald was of the local tour bus variety. Most of the old guesthouses plied their customers with beer and buffets. It took a new generation of hoteliers, architects, and restaurateurs—many of whom had spent time abroad, like their ancestors—to find new ways to articulate the secrets and values of the forest. Susanne Kaufmann (Oskar’s sister and the owner of the Hotel Post) is one of those early adopters who realized that the Wälder’s way of life was as enticing as the mountains and forests which shaped it. In 1998, her brother added a striking wooden extension onto the hotel, which has been in the family since 1850. When the rest of the valley saw the result, they realized that the Kaufmanns were onto something.

Now, to spend time in the Bregenzerwald is to encounter a series of beguiling collisions between old and new, Alpine and international. In the village of Schwarzenberg, you walk among immaculate eighteenth-century *Wälderhäuser*

(“forest houses”) with hand-carved shingles the size of your palm, their porches painted blue and covered in stars. Just down the road, the village of Krumbach is punctuated with avant-garde bus shelters—white triangles, bare oak beams, a glass box with three chairs—designed by, among others, Wang Shu, winner of the 2012 Pritzker Architecture Prize. The Romantik Hotel Das Schiff, in Hittisau, has a new breakfast room that wouldn’t look out of place in Brooklyn’s burgeoning Greenpoint neighborhood. Everywhere, linkages can be found between the region’s taste for modernist design and its appreciation of simplicity: Both share roots in the Bregenzerwald’s respect for rigorous craftsmanship.

The culinary scene is landing in a similar sweet spot. At Irma, the Hotel Post’s restaurant (named for Susanne’s grandmother), the kitchen has jettisoned fussy food for traditional local ingredients, often served family-style. The next day, three villages away in Bizau, I was in the sleek Biohotel Schwanen, sipping prosecco and eating a salad of tender greens as intricate as a jeweled brooch. The hotel, now with a modern facade, has a restaurant

that has been serving lunch for 500 years and has been in the hands of the Moosbrugger family for generations. Emanuel Moosbrugger—33 and the heir apparent—recently returned to the Bregenzerwald after nine years in the United States, where he was a sommelier at Daniel in

New York and general manager of Corey Lee’s Benu in San Francisco. Coming home to work side by side with his mother in the restaurant, he was surprised to find that hers might be the most modern kitchen of all. Foraging mushrooms and harvesting wild herbs—the trend of the moment in haute cuisine—is what the Wälder have always done. The menu draws freely on local ingredients and whatever is in season, purchased directly from farmers in town—the dishes paired with Austrian wines, of course.

Back home in London, I thought of something Emanuel had told me. Since returning from the States, he has observed that it takes most visitors a few days to adjust to the isolated nature of the Bregenzerwald. “If people come here on vacation,” he said, “they really have to talk to each other.” The Wälder sometimes say things like this. They can come across as brusque. They rarely apologize. Over the course of many centuries, they have found a way to live, with great style, in their forested valley in the Alps, and they have done so by refusing to accept compromise in their buildings, their food, and their work. Spending time in the Bregenzerwald connects you to this life, and it makes you realize that perhaps this is how it should be. ♦

Right: *Felchen*, or lake perch—the catch of the day from Lake Constance—is presented tableside before cooking at Irma, the dining room in the Hotel Post. The area’s restaurants have returned to their roots, informing their menus with the local ethos of timeless simplicity rather than flashy international hotel cuisine.



STAY

Hotel Post

Built in the nineteenth century, the property has been in the same family for five generations. During facials and massages at the spa—a Zen-like modern addition designed by Oskar Kaufmann—practitioners use fragrant herbal serums and scrubs made with St. John’s wort, salvia, and chamomile, species that have grown wild in the mountains and valleys here for centuries. Irma, the hotel’s restaurant, serves updated versions of traditional Austrian dishes such as braised lamb shoulder and has a superb list of local wines. BRUGG 35, BEZAU; from \$180.

Romantik Hotel Das Schiff

This small inn across the street from the Krone offers wellness packages and has a shop that sells local jam, honey, and glassware. HEIDEGGEN 311, HITTISAU; from \$155.



Amy Goldwasser explores Scotland's rugged Highlands and remote Orkney Islands, where man-made castles, Neolithic monuments, and eroding cliffs are indistinguishable, where the words “locally sourced” and “food” are interchangeable, and where, regardless of political labels, independence is undeniable.

NORTH COUNTRY

Photographs by Rob Howard





ON THE banks of the River Forss, in the rugged northern Scotland town of Thurso, Caithness County, wee Anne Mackenzie, manager of the Forss House Hotel for more than 25 years, famously keeps “near enough 300 whiskies” in her bar. Only they’re not near enough that we—or the group of fishermen wishing for drinks and rain, of all things to wish for in Scotland—feel comfortable helping ourselves. My husband, Peter, goes in search of someone to serve us.

“Well, where were you? Why were you out so late?” the probably seventy-something, four-foot-something Anne is asking Peter, who trails behind her as she slips behind the bar.

“What *time* is it?” she shoots my way with such accusatory power I’m scrambling for an excuse or an apology as to why we’d even think of ordering two whiskies from her selection of hundreds—surely not accidentally accumulated—at this hour.

It is 9:40 P.M.

“I might ask you to finish these in the lobby. It’s late. Bar’s closing. What would you like?”

Peter, Scotsman by birth and serious about his whisky, orders something local, an Old Pulteney. Maybe a double measure to stock up for the lobby. I’m fighting an airplane cold and the Highland damp.

“Can you make a hot toddy?”

“No,” says Anne. “What, do you have pneumonia?”

The fishermen are amused. She’s everyone’s my-classroom-

my-rules teacher, the one you’re in trouble with and secretly charmed by. I ask for an Oban, because it’s a favorite. I know I’m the rare American who’s learned how to pronounce it right (*O-bn*: emphasis on the *O*, hardly say the rest), and I’m not above trying to impress the fishermen.

Anne serves us our drams—the standard measure in this country is about a third of what they tend to pour back in New York—and gestures toward a brass spigot mounted on the bar. Peter turns the tap on slowly, cautiously, to catch just the bit of water a shepherd once taught us is ideal to open up the flavor of a single malt. Nothing. He turns it more, all the way round. A single drop comes out. Neither Anne nor her tap is a gusher.

“Was that a teardrop?” one of the guys asks, his friends laughing. “It cries if you say hot toddy or blended whisky.”

We look at our host, now baffled by her plumbing fixture as well as her last call while it’s still light out.

“One drop,” wee Anne Mackenzie says, that much warmer and knowing, her version of beaming.

“That’s how it works. All you get. Trust me.”

We do, and our whiskies are absolutely perfect. We make them last, dreamily half-reading the whiteboard Anne keeps, a fish head-count (salmon last month, 78; last week, 13; total to date, 137). The river is low. What would be plenty of rain in most other places is a dry season if you’re a Scottish fisherman. So here we are, in the reception area of an 1810 country house, wrapped in woodlands and wildflowers, drinking till the crazy after-hour of at least 10:30—plotting how we should rig a tap back home to be so deliciously, dedicatedly spot-on sparing and true with its bounty.

THIS STRETCH of Scotland, from the capital of the Highlands, Inverness—its name from the Gaelic “mouth of the River Ness,” which flows from the loch where the monster lives—up through the northernmost point in the United Kingdom and the sparsely populated Orkney Islands, is a dramatic part of the world, epic and wondrous and ancient. It’s a landscape of spectacular physical extremes and hard-won sympathies (more pneumonia than

the sniffles), of Neolithic survivors and Viking settlers and sweaters hand-knit from the wool of sheep grazed on seaweed. There are castles everywhere, chess pieces from the ages barely hanging onto rocky seaside overlooks or defining acres of green, each with enough story lines and characters to sustain an eternal *Game of Thrones*. Even the oysters here live in fortresses. Deep, craggy, defended.

Places have names that rival the imaginations of George R.R. Martin and J.R.R. Tolkien: the Ring of Brodgar, Eynhallow, Smerral, Dunrobin (long *o*, as in “Batman and ROBE-in”). Then there’s the series of towns along the east coast of the mainland that reads like a misguided dot-com roll call: Lybster, Thrumster, Nybster. In reality, though, there’s zero danger of mistaking this for anything but analog land. Everything here—perhaps the residents most of all—is of the earth. Just north of Wick, the enchanting, crumbling ruins (dating back to the late 1300s) of the man-made Castle Sinclair Girnigoe, with its rock-cut stairway down to the sea, look nearly identical to the just-plain rocks also eroding for centuries in Sinclair Bay. Things here are authentic, tactile, connected with the elements. The horses are short and chubby, Shetland ponies with bellies that nearly skim the ground. General stores sell *Scottish Field* magazine, fly-fishing lures, wellies, ammunition. People and whisky bars keep Calvinistic hours. Breakfast starts and ends early (extended till 9 A.M. on Sundays, if

Previous page:

Loch Beannacharain, on the road to the remote Highland town of Scardroy, is where locals fly-fish for brown trout and salmon.

Right: Scott Morrison, managing director of Dunrobin Castle, in the library wearing a kilt of Sutherland tartan. The castle, in the Highland village of Golspie, has been the seat of the Sutherland clan since the fourteenth century.

WHEN

Plan to travel between April 1 and October 31, when the hotels, restaurants, and attractions are open, the days are long, and the chances of rain are, well, less than during the rest of the year.

STAY

Ackergill Tower

A longtime base for posh gatherings (there’s an on-site helipad), Ackergill offers all the associated accoutrements: an impressive whisky collection, taxidermy, hand-blocked wallpaper, and a handsome old snooker table. **WICK, THE HIGHLANDS;** from \$250.

Creel Restaurant with Rooms

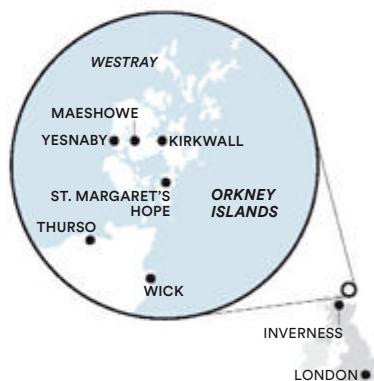
In the tiny town of St. Margaret’s Hope, Alan and Joyce Craige serve a renowned dinner of the freshest seafood. You won’t have far to go after dinner: There are three lovely rooms above the restaurant, stocked with the singularly Scottish Tunnock’s tea cakes. **FRONT RD., ST. MARGARET’S HOPE, ORKNEY;** \$170.

EAT

Captain’s Galley

In a renovated ice-house from the 1800s, Jim and Mary Cowie proudly offer more than ten different kinds of seafood a night. You’re welcomed in the parking lot, then shown into

Continued on page 97







Clockwise from top left: The Neolithic standing stones of Stenness, on Mainland Orkney, make up one of the oldest henge sites in the British Isles; young dancers at the Mey Highland Games, held in Caithness County every August—Prince Charles, whose family purchased the Castle of Mey in 1952, traditionally acts as an umpire at the games; fresh-caught langoustines from Thurso Bay in Caithness. **Right:** Trout fishing launch at Harry Loch on Mainland Orkney.



you're lucky). The cheese blushes purplish when the cows have been eating heather. Conversations about weather are more interesting than most, accounting for the equinox and sea crossings.

I can't believe there hasn't been a dedicated school of Scottish sky painters. It's a far bigger sky than in the American West. The Orkneys lost most of their trees thousands of years ago—these days, sky and land are all you see in every direction. It can be crisp-blue when you wake up and near-black by the time you have coffee. The secret to dealing with the rain in Scotland is to look up and appreciate. Stormy grays are gigantic, complicated, pink to green, soft and commanding all at once. A waitress tells us that she hasn't seen the Northern Lights in 18 years. "There's always a cloud," she says cheerfully. We realize this might be a good thing, a grand cloud of subtle colors being preferred to the tourists' turn-it-on light show.

There is very little pretense here. *Local and organic* is pretty much just called food and drink. Nearly everything is regional, from ice cream to beer, langoustines to beef. When I make it in time, my perfect Scottish breakfast is a soft-boiled egg, usually courtesy of a chicken I know. In the tiny fishing village of St. Margaret's Hope, someone has put free-range duck and hen eggs (with their laying dates) and an "honesty box" out on the street.

A similar, albeit riskier, kind of honor system governs the land. Railings, warnings, and disclaimers are hard to find. You're on your own, your independence respected. Tellingly, in the September 2014 Scottish referendum, the remote Highland vote was the last of 32 districts to come in, and the Orkney vote was one of the most overwhelmingly "no" majorities against an independent Scotland. This surprises me until I spend enough time there to realize the truth about Highlanders. They're the real thing, steadfastly self-governing. They're already independent—they don't need labels telling them so.

Nor do you. On the Old Red Sandstone cliffs of Yesnaby, you can walk across kingdoms of fossils that are 400 million years old, venturing heart-stoppingly close to sheer 150-foot drops into the crashing Atlantic Ocean. You can become very aware that you're standing on only a superficial, fuzzy haircut layer of grass and crust over some body of water. You can burn your mouth, maybe more than once, on the hot, hot Grimbister Farm Cheese from Kirkwall that floats in your soup. You can coexist with a circle of standing stones that dates back to 2500 B.C. You can see Viking graffiti—and find either comfort or horror in how little people have changed.

It's raining and the sky is a royal blue-black matte that matches the bulky square cows shifting their weight as we walk along the path to Maeshowe. From the outside, what you see is a grassy mound, about 100 feet across, rising out of the ground. (The



The geometric formal gardens at Dunrobin Castle, which overlook the North Sea, have changed little since they were laid out by architect Sir Charles Barry in 1850.





Left: Pipe band members at the Mey Highland Games.
Right: A local fly fisherman casts for salmon on the River Fors near the Fors House Hotel in Thurso, Caithness County.

Continued from page 90

a warm lounge for cocktails before a dinner that includes the best grilled langoustines you'll ever have.

THE HARBOUR,
SCRABSTER,
CAITHNESS.

River House Restaurant

In a dramatic counterpart to the deliciously quiet early-dining options on Orkney, the scene at this Inverness spot is late and loud. Start with a half-dozen oysters served with a shot of Dark Ness Ale. Finish with the strawberry bread-and-butter pudding.

1 GREIG ST.,
INVERNESS.

SEE

Castle Sinclair Girnigoe

Just try to visit the remains of this dreamy-spooky castle without giving yourself a Middle-earth story line. It's the only Scottish castle on the World Monuments Fund's watch list.

WICK, CAITHNESS.

Neolithic Orkney

Tour three archaeological sites, all near one another: the Maeshowe burial mound; the Ring of Brodgar stone circle and henge; and Skara Brae, the stunningly intact ruins of an ancient village.

TORMISTON MILL,
STROMNESS, ORKNEY.

Pier Art Center

On the windswept docks of Stromness, in a stunning, award-winning post-modern shed, is an imitable collection of twentieth-century art. You'll feel like you've discovered your own little seaside Tate—which, in fact, is a partner.

28-36 VICTORIA ST.,
STROMNESS, ORKNEY.



word *howe* is derived from the Old Norse for hill.) True to the region, its presentation is modest. The entrance is only three feet high, so visitors have to stoop for a bit in an unsettling *Being John Malkovich* half-floor way. Inside is an unparalleled wonder and mystery of prehistoric design: a chambered tomb constructed of sandstone slabs weighing up to 30 tons each that were somehow transported six miles to the site using the technology of 5,000 years ago. No machines, no metal tools. It's made of clay and stone. It's airtight. It's still with us. Even on the shortest day of the year, which is extremely short this far north, ancestral architectural foresight was such that the setting sun shines in. Every year, on one wall, precisely on Winter Solstice, the sun creates a golden-orange door of light between worlds, between the skeletons and the survivors.

As group tombs fell out of favor, Maeshowe was abandoned for probably 3,000 years, until Viking warriors took refuge there in 1153. They emptied it of bones and set about commemorating themselves in stone. These rowdy men hiding out in close confines made what's now the biggest collection of Viking graffiti in the world. They wrote in a cryptic alphabet of symbols, runes that might be something like emoji today. Their messages are fascinatingly current, moving from typical young male hubris to humor to slut-shaming ("Thomi bedded Helgi" and "Ingigirth the most beautiful" next to a slavering dog). One line overhead boasts, "I went to a lot of effort to carve these runes so high up." Another: "The man who is most skilled in runes west of the ocean carved these." Mostly, though, the Vikings did what man has always done: They wrote their names.

"**FURTHEST NORTH, E.W.I. Arkle,"** reads the handwritten label on the journal of a cyclist who

meticulously recorded his journey through the Highlands in September 1931, his route so similar to ours. E.W.I. (Edward Wilcox Ireland) was Peter's father, my father-in-law; he was born in 1900. He was 68 when his 35-year-old wife gave birth to Peter. And he was right where we are now, nearly to the day, 83 years ago. His record of this trip is all the more a family treasure because he died when Peter was six. But on paper, in the Highlands, he's vital and riding through history in real time. He has moments of exhilaration and moments of being "tired and sore" (indeed, this is trying, uphill country on a bike) and deciding to "struggle on . . . for tea . . . under the roof of a rather formidable old lady and under the eyes of a still more formidable array of her ancestors on the walls."

Just six years ago on the island of Westray, not far from where Peter's father took refuge, archaeologists unearthed the earliest representation of a human face found in Scotland. Known as the Orkney Venus or the Westray Wife, the Neolithic figure is a mere 1.6 inches tall and carved in sandstone. She's also adorable, a big-cheeked character who could be the hairless greatest-grandmother of Hello Kitty.

She could be so many things, this ancient human likeness, our ancestor. She could be the young woman who worked at an inn and, as an exhausted and grateful cyclist wrote in 1931, "insisted on washing and darning my stockings." She could be the waitress who prefers the Caithness clouds to the Northern Lights. She could be Ingigirth the most beautiful. She could live in a castle or in New York, on the River Ness or on Orkney. She could be the manager of a house by a river, asking guests for 25 years, "What time is it?" She could be anyone in a remote place under a big sky who realizes that maybe the best whisky bar in the world is the one that closes when it closes. ♦

Nestled within the jagged toe of Italy's boot, Calabria is a land of steep coastal villages, ancient sites that earned their names from Greek myths, and a surprisingly spicy cuisine. David Prior takes the train far off Italy's famous tourist track to investigate the region's appeal.

PARADISE REGAINED

Photographs by Bill Phelps





A

T DUSK, when the warm orange Mediterranean sun begins to dip closer to the aquamarine Tyrrhenian Sea, there is an hour or two when the coastline of Calabria glows violet. Along with the Costa degli Dei and the Riviera dei Cedri, the Costa Viola, or Violet Coast,

is part of a 155-mile shoreline that is one of Italy's least celebrated and yet most spectacular, a sight easily the equal of the Ligurian or Amalfi coasts. Here, between stretches of abandoned construction and acres of bergamot orchards, isolated fishing villages and ancient fortified towns still cling to the foreboding Aspromonte, mountains that seem to plunge into the Mediterranean.

Tell a non-Calabrese that you are traveling to Calabria and the standard response is an incredulous, often dramatically drawn out, "*Ma perché?*" ("But why?"). If the Italian peninsula is a boot comprising the generous thigh of the north and the elegant calf of Lazio and Campania, then Calabria is the toe. Italy's southernmost region has long been held back by its dark and tragic past, one marked by wars, earthquakes, corruption, and, most corrosively, the damage wreaked by the 'Ndrangheta, the local organized crime syndicate.

But if Calabria has been visited by more misfortune than any one place should see, its raw beauty, culinary traditions, and local culture are today distinguishing it for the better. (Last summer, Pope Francis visited to denounce the Mafia and excommunicate members of the 'Ndrangheta—a powerful symbolic turning point for the deeply Catholic region.) Now, after decades of isolation, Calabria is at last beginning to open up to travelers, who will find that to journey here is to visit an Italy unknown.

ONE OF the unexpected pleasures (and challenges) of visiting Calabria is discovering just how unaccustomed to tourism it is. A certain sense of adventure accompanies travel to a place so far off the Grand Italian Tour that the typical accommodation is often either an eerily empty village resort or a musty converted spare room in somebody's house. There are, however, some notable exceptions, like the Villa Paola, a restored sixteenth-century monastery turned handsome 11-room hotel. Set amid a garden of jasmine, citrus trees, and heaps of magenta bougainvillea, it also happens to be just outside Tropea, an ancient fort town of some 7,000 people that's the most dramatic and beautiful in all of Calabria.

Teetering on a cliff above one of Italy's purest white beaches, with views to the volcanic Aeolians in the distance, Tropea is a maze of narrow lanes and crumbling charm. Legend has it that Hercules founded the town, and over the millennia it has seen

the comings and goings of empires. Miraculously spared the devastation of earthquakes that leveled almost everything else in Calabria, the town has endured, but its days of strategic importance are lost to the past. Caper bushes and prickly pears now inhabit crevices in sidewalks and buildings, slowly widening the cracks with each passing year. Fallen sun-baked figs coat the stone streets, perfuming the air with the scent of slightly rotten caramel.

It's in the summer months that Tropea comes alive. By day, families flock to its beaches, wading out to the caves under Santa Maria dell'Isola, a monastery built on a tiny peninsula at the foot of the town. By evening, it hums with a cheery southern Italian energy as sunbathers take their *passeggiata* through the streets, stopping for pizza or gelato. It is a scene played out in many towns across Italy, yet here, the accents heard in the piazza aren't German, English, or even northern Italian but instead almost exclusively the staccato Calabrese dialect.

Farther down the coast is the scenic village of Scilla, where swordfishermen head out to sea every morning with teams of shirtless, spear-wielding teenage boys leaning over the prow. As in Tropea, there is a mythical lore associated with this town, which was named after Scylla, a water nymph who was transformed into a sea monster. The legend likely refers to her reputed home, the village's castle-crowned rocky point, which has historically laid waste to many maritime endeavors.

It is in towns like Scilla that one finds the roots of Calabrian cuisine. "When I think of the region, I can taste the brine, acid, and heat," says Carlo Mirarchi, executive chef and co-owner of Roberta's, Brooklyn's acclaimed new-wave pizzeria. Mirarchi, whose father came to the United States as part of the considerable Calabrian diaspora, frequently visits the area on inspiration trips. A recent visit led to experiments with *sardella*, a technique that involves fermenting baby sardines with masses of peppers to form a paste. It's a flavor that would be too pungent, spicy, and humble for most Italians, but in Calabria, it's a key element of the immense antipasti platters that provide the *apertura*, or opening, to every meal. The other key aspect of Calabrian cuisine is the chilies. Fresh or dried, they can be found hanging in windows or sold in laurels along the roadside. Northern Italians are generally averse to hot spices, but not the Calabrians—perhaps because the Saracens are said to have introduced the chili to Italy by way of Sicily. A menu at a typical Calabrian trattoria reads like something from Dante's Inferno: Pizzas, pastas, and antipasti are described as being *alla purgatorio*, *diavolo* ("of the devil"), and *infernale* ("from hell"). It's the *peperoncino*—spicy yet earthy—that provides Calabrian cuisine with its explosive drama and ensures that food here (typified by its most famous export, *'nduja*, the spicy red spreadable sausage) is unlike anything else you'll find in Italy.

Previous page, from left: Everything relates to the sea in the peninsular region of Calabria. Waves from the Tyrrhenian Sea crash onto the rocks near Tropea; cliff towns such as Santa Severina hug the coast.

Right: Each day's catch is divided among the local restaurants. Seafood comes in many forms (baked, fried, marinated, and boiled) at Tropea's Al Pinturicchio.

STAY

Agriturismo Dattilo

These simple accommodations are part of a farm complex where the region's ancient wine and olive oil production is being revived. An acclaimed cantina is also on-site. CONTRADA DATTILO, STRONGOLI, CROTONE; from \$91.

Agriturismo II Bergamotto

Warm hospitality and hearty, honest cooking are the foundation at this property of converted farm cottages set amid a plantation of Calabria's signature bergamot citrus. VIA AMENDOLEA, CONDOFURI, REGGIO CALABRIA; from \$68.

B&B La Veduta

This charming three-room bed-and-breakfast hovers above the sea in the scenic fishing village of Scilla. VIA ANNUNZIATA 67, SCILLA, REGGIO CALABRIA; from \$141.

Villa Paola

Handsome converted, this clifftop monastery offers some of the best accommodations in Calabria and is an ideal base for exploring the region. CONTRADA PAOLA, TROPEA, VIBO VALENTIA; from \$280.







A woman by the pool
at the Villa Paola.

Left: Roberto
Ceraudo, a Calabrian
organic wine and
olive oil producer.



Agriturismo Il Bergamotto, a farm-stay in the Aspromonte Range, looks out over bergamot orange groves.





From left: Local transportation in Tropea; the perfumy flavor of bergamot gives Earl Grey tea its distinctive aroma.
Right: The monastery of Santa Maria dell'Isola was built on a hill above a beach in Tropea. Volcanic Stromboli Island lies in the distance.

And if chili is the flavor of Calabria, then bergamot is its fragrance. As with Madagascan vanilla or Damascene rose, the quality of this orange variety relies on its provenance. No one is quite sure how the mercurial citrus, which famously flavors both teas and perfumes, took root here in the dry, narrow coastal strip between sea and mountains—but it did, and flourished. In the early winter months, the scent of its flowers fills the air with an aroma so sweet and thick it's almost boozy.

THEN THERE'S the Calabrian character itself, which is often as spicy as the cuisine. Maligned by outsiders and preyed upon by the 'Ndrangheta, Calabrians can at times be suspicious and skeptical of strangers. So it's particularly startling to receive such a warm welcome from organic winemaker and olive oil producer Roberto Ceraudo, who greets visitors to Dattilo, his vineyard in Crotone, the desperately poor region on Calabria's Ionian coast, with an embrace. The road to Dattilo, which is lined with decrepit factories and rusted power plants, is among the most unattractive in all of Italy. But Ceraudo's oasis is proof of Calabria's raw beauty and, as important, a testament to how relatively quickly it can be rehabilitated. His stone cantina and bed-and-breakfast, Agriturismo Dattilo, are set amid vineyards and 1,200-year-old olive groves whose peculiar golden-brown color



complement the glow of the rolling hills in the afternoon light. Ceraudo is helping to revive the region's winemaking tradition, investing in gaglioppo and magliocco, centuries-old local grape varieties, and, he says, creating wines that "are said to be the ones drunk by the first Olympians." At prestigious fairs in Italy's north, Ceraudo is often the lone Calabrian exhibitor, but his wines are winning acclaim for their distinct palate—including the Italian wine industry's most prestigious award, a *Tre Bicchieri* (Three Glasses) designation from the authoritative food journal *Gambero Rosso*.

Happily, he may not be the sole pioneer for long. These days, other small producers are also beginning to reintroduce the Calabrian *terroir* to the world, in the process creating a newfound sense of hope for a future in which Calabria writes its own destiny rather than accepting what fate hands it. "This was once the richest region in all of Europe," says Ceraudo, as he looks out over a landscape that includes an abandoned ghost town in the distance. But he's not the despairing type, and when he speaks again, he sounds defiant: "Calabria has been here since the beginning of civilization—and fortunes will always shift." So they should. ♦

For more photographs of Calabria, download our digital edition.

EAT

Al Pinturicchio

Tucked in an alley, this trattoria serves local classics such as Fileja alla 'Nduja pasta and swordfish roasted with lemon and capers.

VIA DARDANO, TROPEA, VIBO VALENTIA.

Il Bergamotto

Don't miss the sweets perfumed with the spicy essence of bergamot at this neon-lit *pasticceria*.

PIAZZA SAN FRANCESCO DA SALES 4, GALLINA, REGGIO CALABRIA.

Il Normanno

This daily-changing menu is rustic and earthy, based on the region's strong tradition of *cucina povera*.

VIA REAL BADIA 37/39, MILETO, VIBO VALENTIA.

Osteria del Centro

Perched high above the fishing port, this cozy restaurant specializes in swordfish, octopus, sardines, and sea urchin.

VIA ORTO MONACI 6, SCILLA, REGGIO CALABRIA.



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TRAVEL INTEL

Tips, tricks, and miscellany: Our editors' guide to this month's destinations.

A photograph from
Rolf Sachs's *Camera
in Motion* series.



1,225,000 Miles Logged over 35 Years

Hotels are the family business for London-based **Olga Polizzi**, director of design for Rocco Forte Hotels and the eldest daughter of the group's founder, Lord Forte.

I always pack ONE STATEMENT NECKLACE. IT INSTANTLY DRESSES UP ANYTHING, WHICH IS CONVENIENT WHEN YOU DON'T HAVE TIME TO CHANGE. My favorite airline is BRITISH AIRWAYS. The best thing about airports is THE SHOPPING. I BUY MOST OF MY CLOTHES AND SHOES AT ROME'S FIUMICINO AIRPORT. I MISSED A FLIGHT ONCE BECAUSE I WAS TRYING SOMETHING ON AND LOST TRACK OF THE TIME. For business, I typically fly to BERLIN, FLORENCE, EDINBURGH, MUNICH, AND SICILY. For pleasure, A WEEK AT HOME IS MY IDEA OF BLISS. I'll order room service FOR BREAKFAST-ALWAYS. I'LL DINE ALONE SOMETIMES-WITH A BOOK.

267

The average number of days between when a traveler books a **river cruise** and his or her departure date, according to the booking site CruiseCompete.com (our experts concur).



FAQ: Traveling to Cuba

Everything you need to know before planning your next (legal) trip to Havana.

► **What's changed since President Obama's December 17 "charting a new course" speech?**

In a nutshell, not much. Tourism is still banned. "You can't go to Cuba to just lie on the beach," says Tom Popper of Insight Cuba, a travel company that's been operating trips to the island for 15 years. As was the policy before, any trip must fit into one of 12 categories—including religious, journalistic, and humanitarian activities, as outlined by the U.S. Office of Foreign Assets Control (OFAC). In the past, travel companies would apply for a specific license, a process that involved hundreds of pages of paperwork. Now—and here's the big change—any travel is covered by an automatic general license (meaning less paperwork) as long as it falls under one of the 12 approved trip types. So the mandates are the same—it's just a more streamlined process. The most popular qualifying trip is "people-to-people," which OFAC

defines as having a full-time schedule of activities resulting in "meaningful interaction between the travelers and the Cuban people" (see treasury.gov for more information).

► **So how do I begin?**

Call a travel specialist. "We'll take care of everything: flights, hotels, restaurant reservations," says Popper. "It's not easy to do it by yourself." But such trips aren't for everyone. "You have very little free time," says Marianne McNulty, a Cuba specialist at Abercrombie & Kent. "There's a tight schedule of in-person visits that must be followed."

► **When should I go?**

The sooner the better, says Popper—his bookings have nearly tripled since December.

► **Can I use credit cards in Cuba?**

Legally, yes. But whether establishments will be able to process charges there is still unclear.

Bring dollars or euros.

► **Can I buy cigars?**

Not many—the U.S. says no more than one hundred dollars' worth.

A BETTER WAY TO PACK YOUR MEDICATION

Toss your bulky pill organizer and never make a late-night pre-trip pharmacy run again. The ingenious

PillPack, delivered right to your door, is a roll of pre-sorted sachets filled with a day's supply of meds that you tear off and take as needed. Many major insurance plans are accepted, and co-pays remain the same in most cases (pillpack.com).



This Month's Top 5 Travel Tips from the Experts

1

Return to Los Cabos.

"Baja California is roaring back to life after Hurricane Odile," says Zachary Rabinor of Journey Mexico. The Resort at Pedregal is open now, and two more luxury hotels—Esperanza, An Auberge Resort, and One&Only Palmilla—will follow this season. All three are Readers' Choice Survey favorites.

2

Fly nonstop to Europe from the West Coast.

"Next month, Delta Air Lines, Ethiopian Airlines, Icelandair, and Turkish Airlines launch new nonstop routes from Los Angeles, Portland, Salt Lake City, and San Francisco to Amsterdam, Dublin, Istanbul, and Reykjavík," says Vikram Seshadri of Protravel International.

3

Get a terrific deal on a different kind of cruise.

Canal cruises through regions like Burgundy on small eight-passenger boats often fill up far in advance. But Jill Jergel of Frontiers International Travel says great deals can still be found right now for last-minute July and August itineraries: "It's like a floating villa with full staff."

4

If you're Peru-bound, plan ahead to hike the Inca Trail.

Machu Picchu is wildly popular in June and July, when the rain subsides, but permits to hike the trail sell out fast—half of June is already booked (only 200 permits are available per day). "Lock in late summer or early fall now," says Antonia Neubauer of Myths and Mountains.

5

Book next spring's trip to Japan.

Cherry blossom season (roughly late March through late April) is the country's busiest; plan now, especially if you want a room at the Ritz-Carlton Kyoto, right above the scenic Kamogawa River. "Hotels and ryokans sell out far in advance," says Nancy Craft of Esprit Travel & Tours.

Pay More, Wait Less

It's not uncommon for visitors to wait at least an hour to enter the newly reopened **Musée Picasso Paris**—definitely not okay if you're trying to see the city in just a few days. So consider becoming a member online ahead of your trip: It's \$34—nearly triple the \$12 daily admission—but you'll skip the queue. And your membership is valid for one year, so if you plan on visiting the museum more than once—or returning within the year—it's money well spent (museepicassoparis.fr/en/).



The Only Garment Bag You'll Ever Need Is Also a Duffel Bag

The functionality—and non-wrinkling power—of a garment bag meets the ease of a carry-on in **Hook and Albert's** brilliant Garment Weekender (hookandalbert.com; \$395–\$585).



STEP 1: PACK YOUR SUIT

Unzip the side flaps to reveal the bottom of the bag, which is actually the garment bag (it can fit two suits). Those side flaps transform into handy shoe pockets; there are four additional internal pockets.

STEP 2: PACK EVERYTHING ELSE

Zip the sides back together and place the rest of your clothes in the garment bag. There are three external pockets, including one that fits most tablets and e-readers.

Ombudsman Damaged Goods

Q My 30-inch suitcase was as good as new when I checked it in Miami and flew to Budapest on Air Berlin, but when I retrieved it from the carousel, the frame and zippers were broken. I didn't have time to notify the airline at the airport, since my grandson was scheduled to arrive on another flight, so I put in a claim the week we got home. I haven't received a response. Can you help? —Eva S., Baltimore

A Like most airlines, Air Berlin recommends filing a claim for damaged luggage *before* you leave the airport so that the ground crew can verify the details and create a report immediately. "The airport should be the first point of contact," says Air Berlin spokeswoman Theresa Krohn. Instead, once Eva returned home she filled out a form on the carrier's website, requesting compensation. The resulting back and forth, including e-mailing the airline photos of the damaged suitcase, delayed the resolution of her case. However, Air Berlin eventually sent Eva \$99—"the value of her two-year-old suitcase," says Krohn. Fortunately for consumers, airlines are mishandling fewer bags even as they carry more passengers. On average, just one bag was damaged per 1,000 fliers in 2013, according to a survey from industry analysts at SITA. And it's not just a matter of customer service: Delayed, damaged, and lost bags cost airlines \$2.09 billion in 2013.

Need help solving a travel problem? Ombudsman offers advice and mediation: E-mail ombudsman@cntraveler.com.

\$32.48

The average cost of an **Uber ride in North America in the fourth quarter of 2014**, according to expense account processor Certify. The average Q4 taxi fare expensed was \$30.58.

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VOLUME 50, NO. 4, CONDÉ NAST TRAVELER (ISSN 0893-9683) is published monthly by Condé Nast, which is a division of Advance Magazine Publishers Inc. PRINCIPAL OFFICE: Conde Nast, One World Trade Center, New York, NY 10007. S.I. Newhouse, Jr., Chairman; Charles H. Townsend, Chief Executive Officer; Robert A. Sauerberg, Jr., President; David E. Geithner, Chief Financial Officer; Jill Bright, Chief Administrative Officer. Periodicals postage paid at New York, New York, and at additional mailing offices. Canada Post Publications Mail Agreement No. 40644503. Canadian Goods and Services Tax Registration No. 12342885-RT0001. Canada Post:

Return undeliverable Canadian addresses to Box 874, Station Main, Markham, Ontario L3P 8L4.

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Capturing the Flag

As a child, I was always collecting the names of European places I'd seen in books and magazines—like Lyon and Brittany (somehow the French ones always got me)—and vowing to get there someday. But my only travels back then consisted of camping and the seemingly endless road trips up the pin-straight I-5 from the Bay Area to visit my grandparents in Washington State. As I got older (and after many trips to Europe), I started collecting flags and pennants of places both near and far. On a recent trip to Bordeaux, I happened upon a charming store crammed with vintage travel ephemera—including a drawer filled with souvenir European flags: Lucerne, Deauville, St. Moritz. I wanted them all, of course, but managed to stop myself at 20. I love them for their beauty, but the sense of mystery and restless adventure they represent is, for me, the ultimate attraction. —Yolanda Edwards

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